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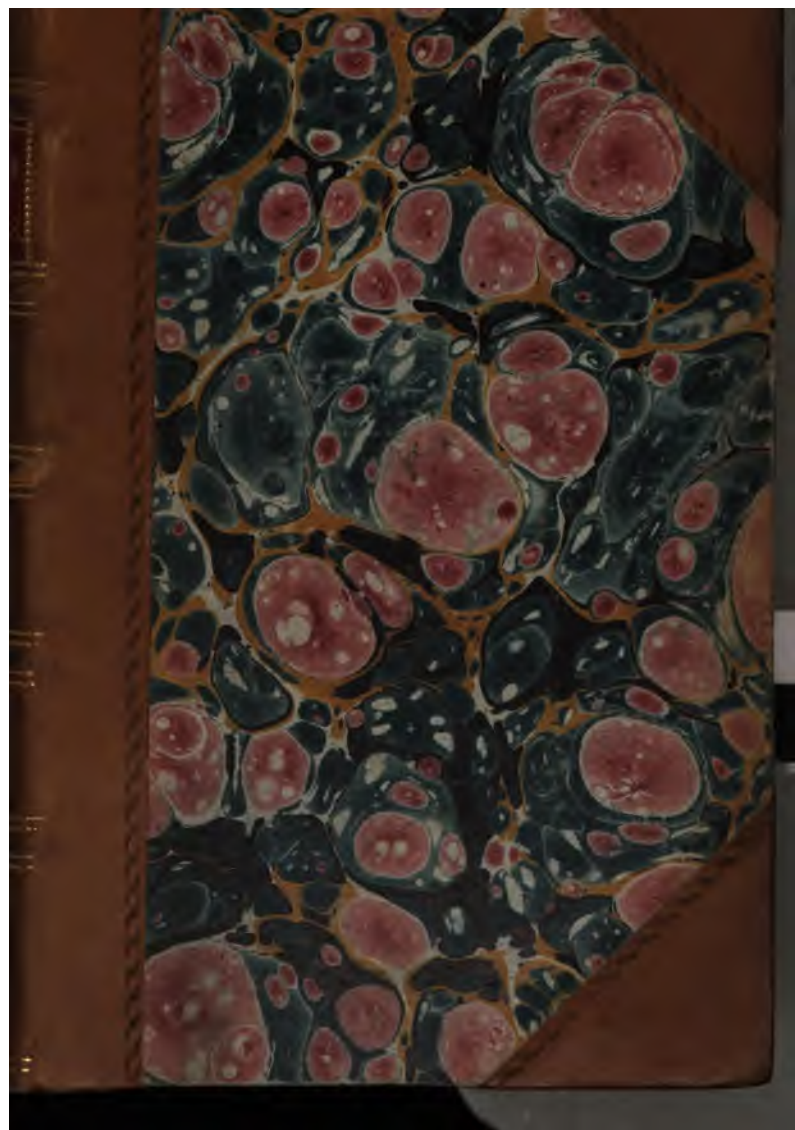
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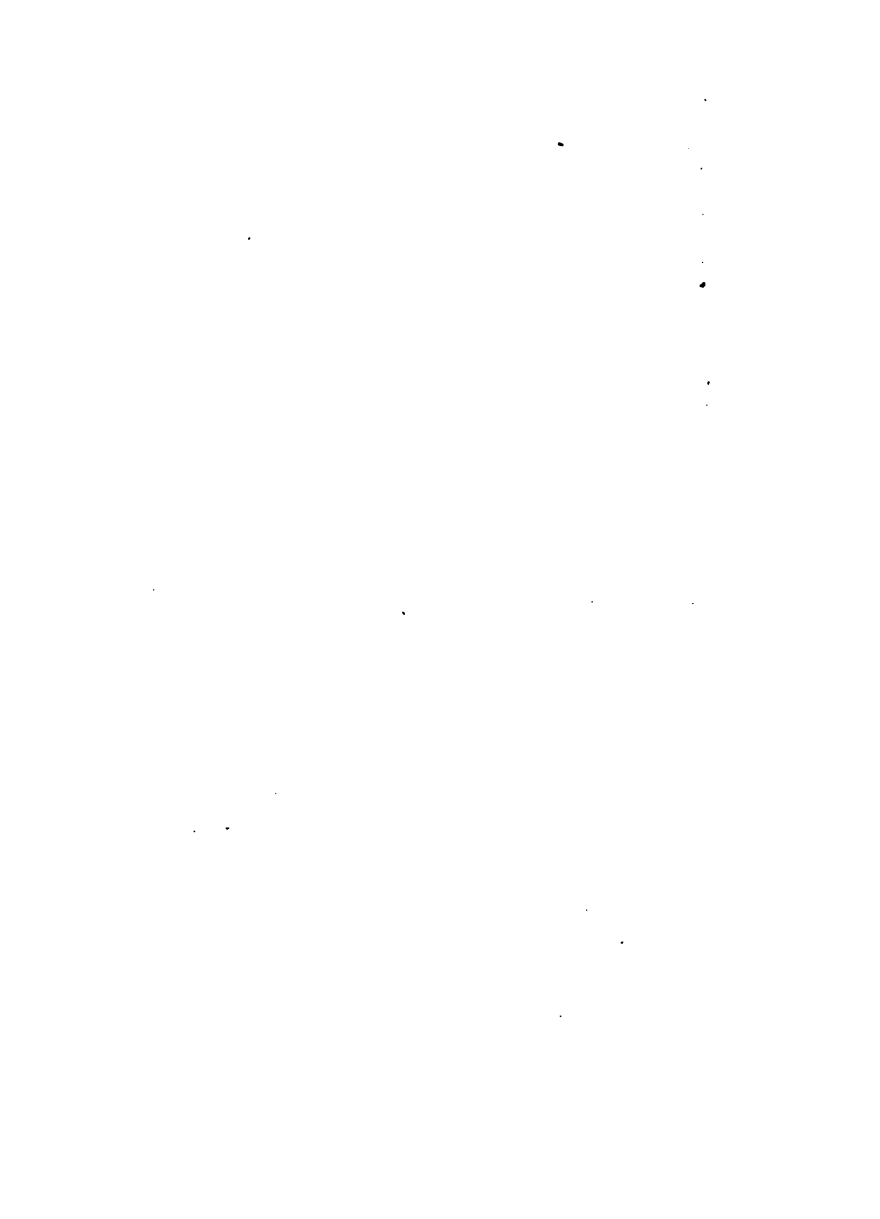
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SACRED LYRICS.



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SACRED LYRICS:

BEING

AN ATTEMPT TO RENDER

THE PSALMS OF DAVID

MORE APPLICABLE TO PAROCHIAL PSALMODY.

BY

ALFRED BARTHOLOMEW,

ARCHITECT.

O Sing unto the Lord, *A new Song*, Sing unto the Lord all the earth, Sing unto the Lord and praise his name.—Ps. xcvi. 1, 2.

Sing ye merrily unto God our Strength, make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob.—Ps. lxxxi. 1.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;

AND SOLD BY C. J. G. & F. RIVINGTON,

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD,

AND WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL.

1831.

15.

LONDON:
GILBERT & RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.



PSALMS OF DAVID.



I.

1. **THAT** man is bless'd who dares despise
What sinful mortals falsely prize ;
Who can divest, by reason calm,
Fair false advice of every charm ;
Who though persuasion tempts him, shuns
The pathway that to ruin runs ;
Nor scorns the depths of truths divine
His judgment knows not to define ;
Who can in virtue, day and night,
Find constant, pure, sincere delight !

2. The fruit-tree by the river-side,
Far o'er the waters spreading wide,
When autumn's stores weigh down each spray,
E'en then not prospers more than they,

Who, Lord, by virtue gain thy love,
 Foretaste sincere of heaven above !
 But they who choose the thorny road,
 And dare not view their last abode—
 Are like the stubble, blown away,
 To every grief an easy prey !

3. When times and seasons all are o'er,
 And this fair world shall be no more ;
 When judgment shakes the universe,
 And echoes dread the sound rehearse—
 The wicked, shamed, shall sink below,
 Condemn'd to everlasting woe ;
 From those who have done well their part
 Eternally they shall depart ;
 For God will o'er the virtuous smile,
 But frown on such as heaven revile !

II.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

THE VICTORY OF THE GOSPEL.

1. WHAT vanity when men presume,
 By folly to advance their doom !
 The heathen kings and rulers say,
 " Our strength shall break their bonds away ;
 " Jehovah and his mighty king
 " Shall on themselves their ruin bring !"
 But *He* who sits enthroned on high,
 Shall laugh to scorn their mockery ;
 And speaking in the thunder's roar
 Shall vex them with displeasure sore !

2. " My king shall o'er Mount Sion wave
 " The holy sceptre that I gave !"
 I will declare what high decree
 The Lord himself hath given me :

" Thou art my Son! this day have I
 " Begotten thee in majesty!
 " But ask—and thy benignant sway
 " Shall make each Gentile realm obey;
 " Or where thou stretch'st thine iron rod
 " The infidels shall fear their God!

3. " Or should they dare to disobey,
 " His justice strict shall sweep away
 " As potter's broken vessels, those
 " Whom folly blinds and makes thy foes!"
 Be therefore wise, ye rulers all,
 And earthly judges, lest ye fall!
 Rejoice before his throne of light,
 But tremble to arouse his might;
 Embrace the Son, with worship bend,
 Then shall his sacred love ne'er end!

III.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. LORD, what a multitude of foes,
Increasing, crowding, round me close!
What numbers of a world of guilt
Cry "He on whom thy hopes are built
Forsakes thee"—yet oh God, I rise
Through thee, o'er all my miseries!
2. Thy shielding power averts each blow,
Thy glory lays each tempter low;
For often I invoke thy name,
The wanderings of my thoughts reclaim,—
And ever have I found repaid
Real piety, with heavenly aid!
3. My every slumber, trusting thee,
Is airy light; nor fantasy

Dares break the quiet of repose,
 Or raise illusion's threatening foes :
 Sustain'd by thee, I will not fear
 Although ten thousand, Lord, appear !

4. Arise, Eternal ! stretch thine arm ;
 Amid their warriors spread alarm !
 Ere now the proud that dared withstand
 The power of thine avenging hand,
 To shew the marks of their disgrace,
 By thee were smitten in the face !

5. Then hymn Jehovah's sacred love ;
 Resound the praise to realms above !
 His care extends to all below,
 Upholds the just, but blasts each foe ;
 For him then, O the strain prolong,
 To whom salvation's gifts belong !

IV.

1. **WHILST** I continue to adore
My Father, Maker, Friend,—
Whilst I my supplications pour,
Eternal Lord attend !
2. In prison I have been distress'd ;
There, broken-hearted, I
Have laid me down with grief oppress'd,
Dark depth of misery !
3. But in the prison's gloom, the light
Of thy resplendent face,
Hath made the sombre darkness bright,
And cheer'd the horrid place !
4. Thou hast enlarged me by thy power,
And freedom's charms restored ;
Then ever will I seek the hour
When thou should'st be adored !

5. With falsity, ye vain, how long
Will ye o'ercloud my name?
Ye shall not truth for ever wrong,
For ever wound my fame!

6. The man who seeks his Maker, knows
Indeed a sincere friend:
'Tis not in vain his virtue glows—
His thoughts to heaven ascend.

7. When evening's deep'ning tints are spread,
Upon thine actions think:
Commune upon thy peaceful bed
Ere thou to slumbers sink!

8. The fairest sacrifice that men
Can yield, is purity;
God asks it,—cleanse thine heart, and then
Dread not futurity!

9. But when we droop, (grief's tears will gush,—
The purest may repine),
Each doubting thought, Lord, gently hush,
And shed thy smiles benign!

10. In poverty I have joy'd more,
By love divine upheld,
Than when the autumn's smiling store
Within the garner swell'd!
11. Then I will lay me down in peace—
Awake or slumbering bless'd;
My every thought from care release,
In God enjoying rest!

V.

1. THOU heavenly Father, whom I fear,
Incline to me a willing ear!
Thou God supreme on whom I wait
Be present when I meditate!
2. I will not rising, fail to praise
The bounteous Author of my days!
Day-break's first beam shall scarce appear
Ere thou my morning praise shalt hear!
3. Assur'd that all thy ways are just,
I will not brood in dark disgust;
Lest with the foolish I should die,
A prey to infidelity!
4. A time will come, when soul-deceit,
And all its priests shall judgment meet:
For thou Eternal Saviour, wilt
Avenge the blood still sinning spilt!

5. I will ascend thy holy place,
Adoring turn to thee my face,
Prostrate before thee will I kneel,
And to thy tender love appeal!
6. On earth, O God direct my feet,
That I may reach thy mercy-seat;
For thou alone canst shew the way
To realms of love-illuminated day!
7. The wicked flatter but to smile
Upon the victims of their guile!
The liar's throat is more impure
Than is the whited sepulchre!
8. 'Tis just the bad receive their due,
Thy judgment will their steps pursue,—
And yet 'tis awful they should die
In crimson stain'd iniquity!
9. Give those that love thee, cause to sing
The praise of thee their Lord and King:
Extend thy shield, stretch out thine arm,
In every wound pour mercy's balm!

VI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(PENITENTIAL.)

1. IN anger Lord rebuke me not,
Nor chide me in displeasure hot!
My tottering frame sinks fast below,
My very bones partake its woe,—
But oh my soul is more oppress'd!
Tell me my God when shall it rest!

2. Eternal visit me once more,
In love the bloom of health restore;
For memory in the grave will cease,
My tongue shall there remain at peace:
Oh there, what harp shall sound thy praise,
What minstrel-voice pour forth its lays?

3. My sickness but increases still,
My eyes with briny tear-drops fill ;
And as I sigh for thy relief,
My couch is water'd o'er by grief;
Vexation has its darkness spread,
My sight is dimm'd ere youth is fled !
4. Arise my soul ! the Lord hath heard
The supplications I preferr'd :
Hence far, all ye who round my bed,
A blessing craved, yet wish'd me dead !
To me the Lord hath shewn his care,
And will in future hear each prayer !
5. Yes, let my enemies all flee,
Ashamed of having injured me !
Or should they dare remain behind,
The Lord their ev'ry act unkind
Will more than seven-fold repay,
And cast them in his wrath away !

VII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

THE PERFECTIONS OF CHRIST.

MY trust! Thou claimer of each thought!
Afford an aid in woe besought:
For foes, my God! a legion dread,
Are by the tempter round me led;
But lest my very soul they rend,
With strength thy worshipper defend!
Yet if my heart deserves to be
Neglected oh my God by thee—
If I to sin my hands extend,
If ever I betray'd my friend,—
Or have pursued with rancour those
Who were to me the bitterest foes,—
Then may my life be closely press'd,
My days with every ill oppress'd,

My soul a prey to dark distrust,
 My honour trampled in the dust!—
 But if I have the part fulfill'd
 A providence of mercy will'd—
 Eternal God of Justice! rise
 To prove in thee the *power* lies :
 So shall thy congregation know
 Their Maker's care extends below !

The Lord himself shall plead for me ;
 He knows my just integrity :
 The wicked shall to judgment go,
 O'erwhelmed by self-condemning woe,
 While heavenly gentle light shall shine
 On those who have kept truth's strict line.
 Firm trust I will repose in thee,
 My King, my God, my Deity ;
 Thy justice will protect the good,
 But shall not be by vice withstood !—
 Behold the shaft—the bow is bent—
 Unless the crime-stain'd now repent,
 Fate's angry storms around his head
 In ten-fold fury thou wilt sped !

The man of sin with mischief swells;
His faithless tongue but falsehood tells;
Himself is in the ambush snared,
His malice for his friend prepared:
And wickedness shall ever find,
The mischief by itself design'd,
While heavenly arms the good defend
Shall o'er itself with weight descend!—
Let listening angels notes divine
In rapture with my lays combine!
Sing to Jehovah, raise the song,
Through heaven's bright courts his praise prolong!

VIII.

(ASCENSION DAY.)

1. *O Lord our God ! throughout the earth
Creation's gifts proclaim thy worth ;
The heavens sublime, with beauty shine,
But thou my God art more divine !*
2. By thee embolden'd, babes proclaim
The secret wonders of thy name,
That even men might, blushing, own
The God of Heaven is God alone !
3. Eternal Father ! when I view
Thy mighty works, for ever new ;
The changeful moon enlivening night,
And every star that gives its light—

4. My soul breaks forth, and whence, I cry,
Is all this perfect harmony ?
What art thou man, how placed below,—
From whom could all these blessings flow ?

5. O God, the work is all thine own,
The praise belongs to thee alone :
The angels formed ere earth began,
Scarce hold superior rank o'er man ;

6. With radiant honour, glory bright,
Thou hast bestow'd and seal'd his right ;
O'er all the nether world he sways,—
The world entire its Lord obeys !

7. He claims each beast by sovereign gift,
Each bird upborne on pinions swift ;
His sway extends through depths below
Where'er the mighty waters flow !

8. *O Lord our God ! throughout the earth,
Creation's gifts proclaim thy worth ;
The heavens sublime, with beauty shine,
But thou my God art more divine !*

IX.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. THOU God my purest thoughts adore,
To thee my heart in praise shall soar !
Thy wonders shall be sung by me,
To strains of sweetest minstrelsy !
For I am by that presence joy'd;
Which gladly sinners would avoid :
Thou hast ascended thy just throne,
Maintained my cause, the foe o'erthrown ;
And after years shall not retrace
The names of those who scorn'd thy grace !
2. O ye destroyers, tremble now ;
Before a God insulted, bow !
No more shall ye your arts pursue ;
The memory of your cities too
Shall perish, earth no more shall bear
A single trace of where they were :

The world shall see, while cities fade,
 That he who all these wonders made,
 And hath in justice built his throne,
 Shall reign the same when time is flown !

3. O sin not, ye who are oppress'd ;
 Your ills by him shall be redress'd !
 In pious supplication kneel,
 To heaven direct your just appeal ;
 God's friendly counsel, aid, and laws,
 With honour shall obtain the cause !—
 With joyful hallelujahs, sing
 The praises of our God and King !
 From Sion's Mount the hymn resound,
 Reechoed by the people round !

4. The murderer cannot, Lord, from thee
 Conceal his acts of perfidy ;
 The cries of him in private slain
 Shall not to heaven ascend in vain !
 O thou, that from the gates of death
 Hast caught my lingering parting breath,
 Disarm my foes, avert each ill,
 That I may own thy friendship still ;

And haste where Sion's daughters dwell,
To praise, and of thy kindness tell !

5. In every toil by *them* devised,
The wicked are themselves surprised ;—
The good are aided, those oppress'd
Are by thy justice strict redress'd ;—
The wicked are by thee o'erthrown ;—
This proves thee God, thee God alone !
Ye nations dread Jehovah's rage ;
No impious war against him wage ;
His power can raise the soul to bliss,
Or cast it down to hell's abyss !

6. The needy shall not always be
Dependent on cold charity :
A ray of hope shall gently shine
On those who oft unseen repine !—
Ascend, my God, thy judgment-seat ;
By mercy every foe defeat !
Or let the nations trembling know
Thy sceptre sways o'er all below ;
That men, however proud and bold,
From Heaven's Supreme, existence hold !

X.

1. WHY distant, wherefore Lord conceal'd,
Why not amid this strife reveal'd ?
The wicked now no longer fear
Thy sudden wrath, but proudly rear
Oppression's hand, and make more poor
Those who already want endure !
2. But let their treachery fall to nought,
Themselves be in their trammels caught ;
For they of their own folly boast,
And love whom heaven abhors the most ;
Nor will they deign to crave the love
Of him who reigns enthroned above !
3. More proud they grow, the more they see
Cause to admire his majesty !—
Eternal ! thou art scarcely known
To angels bending round thy throne :
Then how can we who scorn to yield,
Behold each sacred truth reveal'd ?

4. Exalted by the favour shewn
 By heaven's eternal King alone,
 The wicked thus exclaims in pride:
 " For ever shall my power abide,—
 " With riches bless'd I ne'er shall fear
 " The angry stroke of fate severe!"

5. His words each wanton thought repeat,
 His mouth but opens with deceit;
 He lies in wait, where virtue may
 In secrecy become his prey;
 Pretended friendship is his guise,
 The needy man his easy prize!

6. " Their God," he cries, " forgets his vow,
 " And shall not see oppression now!"—
 Yet rise! nor suffer those to pine
 Who humbly trust thy love divine!—
 The doubt was vain—the virtuous feel
 The good effects of their appeal:

7. The fatherless, by thee upheld,
 Behold each treacherous foe repell'd;

And still continue, Lord, to scourge
 The wicked to the farthest verge,
 Till virtue shall alone remain
 On earth unsullied by a stain !

8. Kneel, angels kneel, and praise your King !
 Minstrels of heaven, devoutly sing !
 To him with sacred worship bend,
 Whose holy reign shall never end :
 For every rebel warrior slain,
 The humble shall no more complain !

9. The modest wish of him who sighs,
 To heavenly mansions shall arise ;
 For *Guardian Love* shall search the heart,
 Its own perfection shall impart ;
 Celestial justice shall redress
 The injured helpless fatherless !

XI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. O God supreme, I trust in thee!
Then tell me, Oh, my trembling soul,
Why should I to the mountain flee,
As thither yon poor flutterer stole?
2. I will not fear, though every foe
Directs a weapon to my heart;
I will not tremble, when the bow
Has sped the keen and fatal dart!
3. For should the rock of hope be rent
From where 'tis firmly laid, what trust,
What cheering cordial then were lent
To aid man's efforts to be just?

4. The Lord in yonder temple reigns,
And far beyond its limits too ;
Creation not its God contains,
Its limits cannot bound his view !
5. The good he calms with joys serene ;
His hatred falls to them alone,
Who violence and treachery screen,
Nor tremble to insult his throne !
6. He shall upon the wicked rain
Snares, sulphur, fire, the tempest's rage ;
This potion drinking, the profane
Shall not their burning thirst assuage !
7. This shall their bitter fortune be ;
For God the just alone befriends ;
To such he shews his Majesty,
While judgment o'er the bad descends !

XII.

DAVID'S COMPLAINT AGAINST VICE.

1. O HELP me, God ! on whom can I,
But thee, amid my griefs rely ?
The faithful few that cheer'd my heart,
All one by one, my God, depart :
Where pure and honest truth once reign'd,
The place is held by virtue feign'd :
None now with gravity converse,
But folly proves the sad reverse !
2. Each labouring to deceive his friend,
Their words alone to flattery tend :
But they who have with double heart
Made ev'n their fellow sinners smart,
Shall find deceit a road of pain,
Where little—where they nothing gain ;
And he that said, " My tongue is free,"
Shall find it bridled cursing thee !

3. The supplication now is heard,
 In anguish by the poor preferr'd :
 The God of Heaven exclaims, " No more
 " With tears brimful their eyes shall pour :
 " I will arise ! the listening world,
 " Shall hear my awful thunders hurl'd ;
 " But they whom wealth and power oppress'd,
 " Shall gain for ever angel-rest !"

4. Thy words are more refined and tried,
 Than silver seven times purified !
 Thy cares, O Lord, the just sustain,
 But are the wicked's sorest bane :
 Though while thy wrath reposes, thou
 A time the wicked may'st allow,
 The countless ages of thy love,
 Shall prove well-placed our hopes above !

XIII.

1. ETERNALLY canst thou forget me, Supreme?
 Ne'er again will thy countenance over me beam?
 How long shall I seek in my soul for that light,
 Which within me were kindled by thy presence
 bright?

2. How long shall vexation still anguish my heart?
 Oh! till when, Lord, shall over me triumph the
 proud?
 Consider thou, hear me; before I depart
 To the sleep of the mortal, my eyes Lord un-
 cloud!

3. Thus aid me, Supreme! lest the enemy say:
 "There, behold him though pious and grave cast
 away,"
 Lest joy'd by the sorrows that furrow my brow,
 They should triumph, while sorrow'd still more I
 should bow!

4. My trust on thy merciful love shall remain ;

Thy salvation with *hope* through my spirit shall
glow :

The song I will raise ! *to thy kindness*, the strain—

To thy mercy—thou Highest of Heaven shall flow !

XIV.

(SEE PSALM LIII. *)

1. THE fool within his heart profane
 Hath said, " No God I fear, for none is living !"
 Dark crimes the world entire stain ;
 On earth abominations reign ;
 Mankind away
 From virtue stray,
 All, all, too far to hope forgiving !

2. From heaven, the Lord look'd down to view
 Each wandered child of clay on earth here living,—
 And mark if yet remain'd a few
 Amid corruption just and true :
 But men away
 Had gone astray,
 All, all, too far to hope forgiving !

* Bishop Horsley supposes these two Psalms to be different versions of the same.

3. Hath virtue quite from mortals fled,
 That man is upon fellow-man thus preying,
 His spirit to religion dead ?
 All, even when safest, feel a dread
 Which were not theirs
 Whose secret prayers
 Were often to their Maker straying !
4. Say ye who mock the steadfast poor
 Whose faith still warmly trusts the Lord's salvation—
 Who can its needed gift secure,
 Except from *Him* in *Sion* pure ?
 Yes, freedom still
 With joy shall fill
 Each soul of Heaven's selected nation !

*Note.—The three verses found in some inaccurate copies
 of the LXX, and in the Common Prayer Book
 Translation, are here omitted.*

XV.

(ASCENSION DAY.)

1. TELL me God! I long to know—
 Who to heavenly bliss shall go,
 Who shall mount thy holy hill,
 Who thy heavenly courts shall fill!—
 He whose steps are rightly bent;
 He who acts with good intent;
 He who in his heart is true,
 Living not by ways undue;
 He that backbites not his friends,
 He that no reproof intends!

2. He whose eye approves not those
 Heavenly judgment makes its foes,
 Rather honouring those that fear
 Him who kindly placed them here;

He who swears and never breaks
Sordidly the oath he takes ;
He who lends to those in sorrow,
Taking nought for what they borrow ;
He who ne'er betrays for gain ;—
Such, oh such, shall heaven attain !

XVI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. PRESERVE me, for I trust in thee,
My King, my God, my Deity!
Though bless'd with riches, still I love
To raise my soul to things above;
And when my thoughts return to earth,
They sigh alone for men of worth!
2. This can delight; but those who fail
To seek thee, shall their sins bewail:
Like theirs my gifts shall not be stain'd
With blood from suffering victims drain'd;
Nor shall my tongue, Lord, mention those
But with disdain, who heaven oppose!
3. My Cup, my Patrimony sole,
Himself—the Lord defends my soul;
My lot is fallen on even ground,
A heritage where smiles abound;

And he that gives them, will uphold
His boon from every effort bold !

4. Nor will I count the secret checks
That will at times with sorrow vex,
The smallest of the generous cares
That sway the course of man's affairs :
To God has ever been my aim,
In all, without relax the same !

5. God at my right, I shall not fear,
Or lose my hopes while living here ;
Nor shall hope leave me when I die,
Although my body mouldering lie :
I shall not long in darkness dwell,
My soul shall not remain in hell !

6. He who my God has lent to thee
A heart from will'd-transgression free,
Shall holy uncorrupted rise !
Lead me thus Saviour to the skies,
For worldly joys are quickly past,
But those of Heaven for ever last !

XVII.

THE PRAYER OF DAVID, AND OF A GREATER.

1. HEAR me, oh my Saviour, hear me!
Shed thy blessings, gently cheer me!
He who kneels in truth before thee,
Prostrate ever shall adore thee!
Give thy sentence! without fearing
I its judgments wait revering!
2. Nightly I have been proved by thee,
Ev'ry wish of mine found nigh thee!
Seeing they that hate thee, perish,
I will all thy precepts cherish—
All my thoughts on thee remaining,
Ev'ry idle word restraining!
3. Safely to thy mansion lead me!
Turn my Saviour, turn and heed me!

Often I have ask'd thy blessing,
 Ev'ry secret fault confessing ;
 Still extend thy kindness to me,
 Still, oh still, with mercy view me !

4. Skill divine the eye hath cover'd,
 Ev'ry where is God discover'd !
 With such care, Eternal ! aid me ;
 With thy wings extended, shade me !
 Ev'ry foe before thee flying,
 Smile o'er those on thee relying !

5. Sorrow'd, scarce a hope desiring,
 Aid me, aid me, Lord, expiring !
 Foes on ev'ry hand inclosing,
 Threat my soul with pride opposing,
 Or the guise of anguish wearing,
 Secretly become more daring.

6. Lions, Lord, pursue thy servant :
 Rise, for all my prayers are fervent !
 True the wicked bear thy terrors,
 Yet in kindness spare my errors :
 Haste, from ev'ry blow defend me,
 They that scourge me more offend thee !

7. Though the wicked oft inherit
Treasures far beyond their merit ;
Though with numerous offspring gladden'd,
Not by future prospects sadden'd—
Others' blessings shall not grieve me,
Sigh nor murmur e'er shall leave me !
8. Earth with all its beauties, never
Was composed to last for ever ;
Earth with all its ills receding,
Shall unveil a pathway, leading
Where Jehovah's presence reigning
Joy dispenses worth attaining !

XVIII.

THE SONG OF DAVID WHEN DELIVERED OUT OF THE
HAND OF SAUL, AND FROM HIS OTHER ENEMIES.

1. MY Rock, my Saviour, Lord, and Might,
Thy worship is my sole delight !
I will, my God, on thee repose !
Thy arm shall scatter all my foes !
2. On thee relying, tears no more
In streamlets from my eyes shall pour !
The Lord when death approach'd me, came,
His hand upheld my sinking frame !
3. When sorrow caught my parting breath,
His presence cheer'd me back from death ;
And when remorse in anguish prey'd,
My downcast soul received his aid !

4. The balm of heaven, dispell'd that gloom
The pains of death and hell assume ;
Then, wherefore, O my soul, shouldst thou
Beneath life's ills and crosses bow ?

5. In trouble I that God have sought
Whose frequent love true faith hath taught ;
And he who often heard me, still
Was listening from his holy hill !

6. At rage divine, trembled the world—
The hills were by commotion hurl'd—
Almighty Spirit kindled—sank
His sky-throne low as earth's pale blank !

7. Treading on darkness, cherubs o'er
Tempest and cloud Jehovah bore ;
Around him, a pavilion cast,
Of waters darken'd in the blast !

8. Then the deep mantling darkness fled
Before the light his glory shed ;
O'er earth long-echoing thunders peal'd,
And light'nings holy things reveal'd !

9. His arrows, the Omnipotent
 In coals of fire and hailstones sent :
 Opening, the world's foundations shew'd,
 At his rebuke, the floods' abode !
10. A holy herald sent below,
 Convey'd me from all mortal woe ;
 From waves, o'er-powering waves of strife,
 And enemies, assured my life !
11. The God of heaven hath favour'd me ;
 His hand almighty set me free ;
 And while I still his laws respect,
 His holy love will still protect !
12. By heaven remember'd, ev'ry deed
 Of virtue, shall to heaven plead !
 Each secret thought created pure,
 Will there from age to age endure !—
13. Before the Great Supreme I knelt,
 Within me soft repentance felt,—
 The God of Heav'n relenting smiled,
 And raised me though by sin defiled !

14. Be holy—he who reigns above,
To such will give his holy love!
Be perfect, or sincerely try—
Each effort is beheld on high!
15. Cast sin away—and him whose rage
Dispenses justice, thus assuage!
Or be thou froward—and then learn
A prouder God thy pride shall spurn!
16. When misty darkness clouds my sight,
The Lord my inmost soul will light;
When foes in thick battalions rise,
The Lord their armies will surprise!
17. My trembling hand, each foe confused,
Shall fight, with bracing nerve infused;
My strength thus aided, shall not fail;
My feet the loftiest walls shall scale!—
18. O would'st thou know real truth divine,
The Scriptures study line by line!—
God will to heavenly realms admit
All who confide in holy writ!

19. What art thou, God? my soul o'ercome,
Thine attributes could never sum!
Jehovah! Lord! Eternal! thou
Wert ever, and art reigning now!
20. But though thought scarcely soars above
Where dwells Omnipotence, thy love
Descending, is on earth display'd;
O'er all my frame I feel its aid!
21. God makes my feet as roebucks' swift,
Bestows upon me freedom's gift;
To him the art of war I owe,
And that I break the steely bow!
22. Salvation glads me; Love Benign,
The fondest best defence, is mine!
Lord, purged from ev'ry secret fault,
Thy chastening shall my hopes exalt!
23. Where'er I move, where'er I tread,
By thee my footsteps shall be led;
Attended thus the thorniest way
Shall ne'er to ill my feet betray!

24. Each vanquish'd enemy shall know
The arms thou gav'st me, carry woe ;
The swiftness thou hast given my feet
Bears each proud warrior sure defeat !
25. Beneath me falling, each shall feel
The prowess of my venging steel ;
And while my foes all die or flee,
With strength I shall be girt by thee !
26. Then all who cry, shall cry in vain ;
God will not mercy grant again ;
For he can search each secret thought,
And set the feigning heart at nought !
27. As dust they shall before me sink,
As clay reach death's eternal brink ;
My subjects shall revolt in vain,
They shall but want and sorrow gain !
28. A gentile world I have not known,
Shall worship me from choice alone ;
Whilst they that hate me fade away,
These shall but hear me to obey !

29. In heavenly realms God ever lives;
Thrice bless'd be he who succour gives!
Salvation, oh my God, I owe
To thee from ev'ry hostile foe!
30. When enemies the ambush laid,
I death avoided by thine aid;
And should I still in danger fall,
On thee, my God, I still will call!
31. Arise, my soul, in thoughts divine;
Contentment, praise, and joy be mine!
The favour'd race thy bounties bless,
For ever shall the throne possess!

XIX.

ASCRIBED TO MOSES.

(CHRISTMAS DAY.)

1. THE glorious heavens declare their Lord ;
The starry orbs his work record !
Day to the following day,—each night,
To coming darkness, in its flight,—
Though nature speaks no language, tells
How through creation God excels :
Amid their silence, truths sublime
Reach audibly to every clime !
2. Where heavens beneath dread oceans run,
A tabernacle for the sun,
God placed, whence like a bridegroom deck'd
At issuing from his chamber, rise

His morning beams, and joy reflect,
 Coursing with giant-stride the skies,—
 Shewing amid the depths of space
 Or topmost height his burning face!

3. Such works are emblems of that law
 Which man should view with sacred awe,—
 That law of heaven, which turns the soul,
 To virtue, wisdom, truth's control:
 Statutes that can rejoice the heart,
 Pure light to mortal eyes impart;
 Whose just religious taintless fear,
 Can evermore the spirit cheer!

4. God's heaven-born holy judgments bless'd,
 Of righteousness the purest test,
 Are more to be than riches sought,
 Or gold from mines the purest wrought;
 More sweet than honey to the taste,
 When by the heart itself embraced:
 Oh this, all this, myself hath learn'd,
 And found to my advantage turn'd!

5. Who can recount how oft he sins?
Lord, when temptation o'er me wins,

Check thou each wanton secret fault,
Lest sin its sway should more exalt,
And I at length the votary be
Of every dark iniquity :
Oh, worthy be of thy pure sight,
My thoughts and words, thou Lord my might!

XX.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. WHEN brooding cares the spirit drown,
And briny tear-drops trickle down,
Relieve from every piercing dart,
The agonized, the bursting heart !
2. Remember, with the many stains
The sinning wandering soul retains,
Each offering faith hath made to thee,
From worldly sordid motives free !
3. In him whose sacred help defends,
Rejoice with me ye pious friends !
And may ye, as in prayer ye kneel,
Attention gain to each appeal !

4. Now know I he who reigns above,
O'er David sheds his holy love ;
That he who shews such love divine,
The ear of mercy will incline !
5. Some vainly trust the courser's speed
Shall serve them in the day of need ;
Let us, who have beheld o'erthrown
The chariot, trust to God alone !
6. Fate's angry storms we proudly brave,
While others find an early grave ;
'Tis confidence in heaven, supplies
That strength more surely, others prize !
7. Then while we are from bliss withheld,
May each good action be beheld ;
And should a wish, a thought, a sigh,
Escape us, O my God, be nigh !

XXI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(ASCENSION DAY.)

1. THE King shall in thy strength rejoice,
And worship with a gladsome voice :
And in salvation's victory,
How boundless shall thy triumph be !
2. Thou gavest all his wants could plead ;
Thy bounty, Lord, forerun each need :
And given by thee, a crown shall shed
Its golden lustre o'er his head !
3. Existence he but ask'd of thee,
And thou bestow'dst eternity ;
Nor rested sacred bounty there,—
The rolls divine his honours bear !

4. Worship and glory thou wilt place
Upon him, to reflect their grace ;
And with thy presence thou wilt bless
Him with unceasing happiness !
5. Oh, wherefore is such favour shewn ?
From trusting, loving God alone ;
For they who hate him, soon shall know
His mighty hand can overthrow !
6. When God is wroth, they shall expire
Beneath the rage of heavenly fire ;
Or they that live shall learn the woes,
Incurr'd by all who heaven oppose !
7. Their fruits destroy'd, their children lost,
Themselves in every project cross'd,—
While deep remorse disturbs the breast
Of each with crimson sin oppress'd,
8. Not one remembrance shall endear
The guilty journey travell'd here ;
For mischief reigning sole within,
Their thoughts gave birth alone to sin !

9. But ev'ry scheme in folly built,
Shall gain the sure reward of guilt;
The kindling rage of heavenly might,
Shall put each infidel to flight!—
10. Thy bow prepared, thine arrows sped,
Each foe shall number with the dead;
Too late confessing all is thine,
The power, glory, strength divine.
11. But each that loves thee, shall impart
The plaudits of a pious heart,—
Not more sincere, but more approved
Than their's in sin from earth removed!

XXII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(GOOD FRIDAY.)

1. God! my God! by woe o'ertaken,
Why am I of thee forsaken?
Wherefore is thy holy station,
Lord! so far from my salvation?
2. Day and night, soul-cries addressing,
I in anguish crave thy blessing!—
Heeded not, unrested lying,
Vain are my deep prayers and sighing!
3. Still I know that thou art holy;
Still I trust thy power solely!
Israelites thy kindness sharing,
Saw o'erthrown each warrior daring!

4. They invoked thee, thou upheld'st them,
Humbly kneeling thou beheld'st them ;
Oh, but while *my woes* I mention,
Durst I hope divine attention ?

5. Scorn'd, a worm, derided, hated,
Scarcely human, base, ill-fated,
They who pass all proudly smiling,
Taunt and vex me, God reviling !

6. Thou awak'dst my soul from slumber,
Favours granting without number ;
Thou from infancy sustain'dst me,
Led'st my steps, to virtue train'dst me !

7. None but thee in woe befriends me !
Leave me not now anguish bends me ;
Round me bulls of Basan raging,
Fill my soul with dark presaging !

8. All my members are disjointed ;
To my heart fate's shafts are pointed ;
Buoyant youth and strength decaying,
Leave my soul on anguish preying !

9. Dogs assembled, see me dying;
All my foes in ambush lying,
Pierce my hands and feet delighted,
By my vest and robes requited !
10. O Eternal ! never leave me ;
Now I supplicate, relieve me ;
Raise my soul from deep dejection,
Shield me by thy blest protection !
11. Thou, bright hope's sole generous giver !
From the sword my soul deliver :
Save me from the dog and lion !
Rise my prayers distress'd to Sion !
12. Straight to thine abode repairing,
All thy sacred gifts declaring,
Brethren there shall ev'ry blessing
Hear me from my heart confessing !
13. Worshippers with me assembled—
Hymns and plaudits undissembled,
Yield to him, whose favour graces
Those the world or want debases !

14. When life-griefs, o'erpowering, acrid,
Sank the drooping, thy face sacred
Was not hidden, and thy hearing
Hearken'd to the cry uncheering !
15. Therefore I my pride will chasten,—
To thy congregation hasten,—
Nor disdain, Lord, to revere thee,
Mutually with those that fear thee !
16. Meekness shall, when famish'd lying,
Gain a banquet satisfying :
None can look to God unpraising,
Not thence feel the life-quick blazing !
17. Ev'ry islet, tongue, and nation,
Shall awake to adoration,
God alone creation swaying,
Earth and heaven his will obeying !
18. All on earth the holy blessing
Of celestial strength possessing—
Solely of that food have eaten,
Piety sincere could sweeten !

19. Wandering thought may doubt awaken
In the soul by good forsaken ;
Death and judgment all unveiling,
Shall thy Power shew prevailing !
20. Whence, my God, is life and being ?
'Tis thy bounteous gift *All-Seeing* :
When death's clouds around us thicken
Thou the darken'd soul can'st quicken !
21. If such hopes I firmly cherish,
Never, never, shall they perish ;
Gaining virtue, heaven-descending,
Through a race of saints ne'er-ending

XXIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(SACRAMENTAL.)

1. THE Lord my Shepherd—favour'd care—
Through every hour I kindness share :
For nought can I ungranted sigh,
(My wishes pure) while God is nigh !
2. In pastures ever-verdant fed,
Beside the stream of comfort led,—
God will at length my soul convert,
And all my steps from sin divert !
3. And though I pass death's shadowy vale,
Fear shall not o'er my soul prevail,—
For there the *Ever-Present*, can
A staff of hope bestow on man

4. Almighty ! for my God 'tis thou !
When I before oppressors bow,
By thee my soul shall be releas'd,
My famish'd spirit thou wilt feast !
5. The princely balm, thou Lord hast shed,
Supern of Sovereigns, o'er my head ;
Whereby the cup of joy divine,
In regal fulness shall be mine !
6. Thy mercy, thy divinest love,
Shall follow me, whilst from above,—
Whilst hence each lengthsome mortal day,
Bears me to thine own house away !

XXIV.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(ASCENSION DAY.)

1. THE earth and every work divine,
Man here beholds, my God, is thine !
Himself, the master-piece, but lives
On what thy generous bounty gives ;
Though lord of earth, dependent still,
Upon a mightier monarch's will !—
From chaos God prepared this earth,
From warring matter gave it birth ;
The mighty floods received the load,
Upholding man's new-form'd abode !
2. Oh, who shall mount the realms serene,
Where thou Creation's God art seen ?—
The man whose hands and heart remain
Unsullied by the charms of gain,

Whom wisdom guides, whose oath may be
 Esteem'd the test of purity ;
 From such, and such alone, will God
 Conceal his dread avenging rod ;
 Befriended thus, Almighty love
 Shall bear him to the realms above !

3. Lift up your heads, eternal gates !
 Behold, the King of Glory waits !
 Oh who is he ?—That God Divine
 Whose mighty works for ever shine,
 Whose strength in battle overthrows
 In triumph all that dare oppose !—
 Lift up your heads, eternal gates !
 Behold, the King of Glory waits !
 Oh who is he ?—the Mighty King
 Whose praises conquering cherubs sing !

XXV.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. MY inmost soul, to thee laid bare,
Shall crave assistance, Lord, with prayer :
O let me not demand in vain !
Each sacred wish with care retain,
That the dread foe
Thy strength may know !
2. With hope assured, I fear not thou
Wilt cease my God to hear me now ;
None yet in vain, with bended knee
And downcast eye, petitioned thee,—
Though wanton stains
The soul retains !

3. Unfold to me thy ways divine,
 Make every holy precept mine ;
 For every friend, but thee, forsakes
 When fortune's thunder o'er us breaks :
 I love thee still,
 And ever will !

4. Remember, O my God, how oft
 Thou hast composed in whispers soft,
 Ere now, the torn desponding mind,
 Assailed by every grief refined ;
 With love sincere
 Hast dried each tear !

5. But spread o'er all the acts of youth,
 That shrink before the light of truth,
 In mercy, O my God, a veil !
 And still as oft as I shall fail,
 Let each past deed
 Of virtue plead !

6. The Lord, with grace, to virtue guides
 The sinner who in him confides ;

He gently aids the low and meek,
 His proffer'd hand assists the weak,
 And lest they stray
 Directs the way !

7. Thy paths, my God, are truth and love ;
 They lead direct to heaven above :
 Then Father all my sins conceal,
 That thither I in joy may steal,
 And find relief
 For every grief !

8. O who, my Saviour, who is he,
 That with *true* virtue worships thee ?
 Thrice bless'd, whose'er he is ; each sigh,
 Each prayer, each wish, is borne on high,
 And not preferr'd
 In heaven unheard !

9. To them who love him, God displays
 The secrets of his mystic ways ;
 He shews in letters fair and bright,
 What future blessings shall requite
 / The few who fear
 His judgment here !

10. In threatening dangers, not afraid,
 I look, my God, to thee for aid :
 I now am desolate and sad ;
 O turn, my Father, turn and glad
 This heart of mine
 With hope divine !

11. Eternal ! let my misery plead ;
 Oh, may thy love my faults exceed !
 Uphold, my God, the weaker side,
 Nor longer let my foes deride
 The trust I place
 In heavenly grace !

12. Oh keep my soul, whilst o'er my head
 The piercing shafts of death are sped !
 None other have I ever served ;
 Or if from thee I ever swerved,
 'Twas nature frail
 That made me fail !

13. Oh may my heart, a sacrifice
 No longer deeply stain'd with vice,

Be worthy him who first bestow'd
It pure, without the crimson load
That bears me low
In tears of woe !

14. Arise ! in glory fight for me,
Make the death-foe before thee flee !
'Tis Israel, God, assistance craves ;
Thy strength alone the feeble saves,
And death and hell
Thou can'st repel !

XXVI.

CHARACTER OF CHRIST, OR THE PERFECT
DAVID.

1. BE thou my Judge ! my heart is true,
My steps thy sacred paths pursue,
With deep research examine me,
Each secret is display'd to thee !
For kindness ever was the guide,
That made me in my God confide.

2. The impious, wicked, proud, and vain,
Shall never, Lord, thy friendship gain ;
In innocence, my hands shall be,
Eternal ! wash'd to worship thee :
Uncleansed from every *wanton* stain,
Thine altar I will ne'er profane !

3. Oh, thou wilt hear my thankful voice,
For thee, my God, I serve from choice !
I easier feel the heavy load
Of human grief in thine abode :
Then prison not my soul with those
Who wantonly thy laws oppose !
4. Let not my life on such depend,
As while they flatter, death intend !—
For me, while life remains, my care
Shall ev'ry mortal stain repair :—
Jehovah ! aid the work sincere,
With help divine my spirit cheer !
5. By thee directed, Lord, my feet
Shall come to thy benign retreat !
Seraphic peace within my breast,
I feel already holy rest !—
Ye congregations, hear from me,
These accents of sincerity !

XXVII.

1. THE dread Eternal is my light,
I place reliance in his might;
What fears should then
Distract me, though a host of foes
With menaces around me close ?
They are but men !
2. Thy mercies, O Eternal Friend,
Excite in me a wish to end,
Supremely blessed,
The yet remaining lingering years,
Where thy perfection gently cheers
The mind oppress'd !
3. When troubles threaten, there conceal'd
Thy holy dwelling-place can yield
Some dark recess,
My enemies shall never gain :
There hidden, all my foes in vain
Shall round me press !

4. God will repose beneath my feet
 A rock of stone in my retreat
 Which shall not sink :
 My head exalted then shall see
 Each foe that proudly threaten'd me,
 Approach death's brink !

5. O Father ! with thy love impress'd,
 My soul its gladness shall attest
 With joyous prayer ;
 A pious offering shall be laid
 Before that God who gave me aid
 In deep despair !

6. Cease not to hear, when I address
 To thee petitions for redress,
 In misery ;
 Nor hide thy face from him, whose heart,
 While joy pervades, while tear-drops start,
 Still turns to thee !

7. In anger cast not him away,
 Thy succour once was wont to stay,
 When ills dismay'd !

I know, that should parental care
 Denied me, leave me to despair
 Thou still would'st aid !

8. Teach me that way, Almighty Friend,
 Which has thy Deity for end ;
 And when my foes,
 By ill advice, my steps would turn
 From that just course I wish to learn,
 Their arts oppose !

9. Grant not success to those who aim,
 By falsehood, to destroy my fame ;
 My heart had burst
 Hadst thou not often cheer'd my mind
 With prospects of the bliss design'd
 To crown the just !

10. Await, my soul, contented here,
 Till thou thy Maker's voice shalt hear,
 To heaven calling !
 Thy ev'ry hope in God repose ;
 Nor shalt thou fear at life's dread close
 The grave appalling !

XXVIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. To thee, my God, my prayers shall rise ;
O listen, Father, to my cries !
Although they are unworthy thee,
I yield them with sincerity !
Then save me, lest I sink with those
O'er whom death's *gloomy* mansions close !
2. O hear when humbly I repeat
My woes, beneath thy mercy-seat !
Nor pluck me, Lord, with those away,
Who thy bless'd precepts disobey,
Who friendship in deception feign
That they their darkling ends may gain !

3. O deal, my God, to all who swerve
From virtue thus, as they deserve !
For they have not with rapture view'd,
What wonders from thy hand ensued !
God ! thou wilt treat them with disdain,
Their every thought and deed profane !
4. Oh praised be he who rules the skies !
For he hath heard my humble cries !
Jehovah is my strength and shield ;
He aids me when the sword I wield ;
And trusting him, my heart ne'er fails,
Although a warring host assails !
5. Upheld by succour so divine,
The song of triumph shall be mine !
I should have fainted had he not
Sustain'd me in the conflict hot !—
Still feed us with eternal bliss,
And bear us, Lord, from hell's abyss.

XXIX.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. O bring, ye mighty, to the Lord,
The fairest gifts your flocks afford !
With sacred worship, kneel before
That God who lavishes each store !
With rapture dwell upon each name
Divinity sublime may claim !
2. Hallow'd be God, the God of might !
The wonders of his power recite !
The waters that in fury flow
No other sovereign ruler know ;
And 'tis the glorious God awakes
The thunder that in heaven breaks !
3. His hand directs the mightiest waves
The proudest vessel scarcely braves ;

And he whose softest whispers form
 New worlds, or raise the angry storm,
 Can greater wonders still display,
 When heavenly wrath has fullest sway!

4. The cedar-trees acknowledge him,
 By lightning stripp'd of every limb;
 O'er Libanus high forests wave
 To him who all their foliage gave;
 The silent mountains where they grow
 With solemn animation glow!

5. When he commands it, flames retire;
 His voice divides the raging fire;
 And when that voice the blast awakes,
 The wilderness of Cades shakes!
 Instinct through earth by him reveal'd,
 The hinds their annual produce yield!

6. His voice supreme through nature heard,
 The deserts treasure ev'ry word,
 With thickening forests overgrown—
 Where barren wildness reign'd alone:
 But he who thus all nature sways,
 Man's stony heart can melt to praise!

7. Religion by his love instill'd,
The temple is with plaudits fill'd :
That God who ever king will reign,
Makes the proud floods his throne sustain,
While giving strength to those who faint,
With peace allaying each complaint !

XXX.

SONG FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE
HOUSE OF DAVID.

1. I WILL, my God, extol thy love,
For thou hast saved me from the foe ;
And when my prayers were raised above,
Thy heavenly balm relieved each woe ;
When death in all its terrors came,
Thy kindness ev'ry fear allay'd :
Then let me catch the pious flame
Of saints, and thank thee for thine aid !
2. While night involves the slumbering world,
Inquietude may vex the soul ;
Wakeful, a hundred fresh resolves
In darkness may within us roll ;

But with the coming light they flee—
 And every moment welcome then,
 No more we pine in misery,
 But hail the God-beam'd morn again !

3. With plenty bless'd, my heart in pride,
 Well nigh my God forgetting thee,
 Said, " these my riches shall abide
 Through life, not fearing poverty !"
 But thou canst in a thousand ways,
 Shew riches pride and honours fail ;
 And each succeeding year displays,
 That they who trust themselves are frail

4. This lesson, dearly bought, I found ;
 And kneeling lowly thus I said,
 " When I am mouldering in the ground,
 " My vital spark, ah whither sped ?
 " Who then shall worship ? shall the dust
 " To thee the holy anthem raise ?
 " O hear me, ere my heart shall burst,
 " Have pity, and prolong my days !"

5. All who sincerely ask are heard ;
None can in vain their tears employ :
In sackcloth I my prayers preferr'd,
And God array'd my soul in joy !
Arise that soul ! no longer mute,
Confess thy all to heaven owed ;
Each blessing to its source impute ;
Give thanks for ev'ry boon bestow'd !

XXXI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. **WHILST** I in spirit worship thee,
From worldly shame deliver me ;
And when the secret prayer is mine,
To every word thine ear incline ;
For when misfortunes round us press,
God, our Rock, thou giv'st redress !
2. Bestow thy guidance, kindly lead,
Thy holy precepts I will heed ;
And when my foes in ambush lie,
O let thy shielding power be nigh ;
For thou redeem'd'st ere now my soul,
And still I am at thy control !

3. All earthly pleasures I despise,
 Love none who such vain trifles prize ;
 But contemplating thee, I feel
 A ray of comfort o'er me steal ;
 For when misfortune bent me low,
 Thy presence cheer'd away each woe !

4. My footsteps were to safety led
 By thee, whilst ev'ry warrior fled :
 Remember this, and still bestow
 Assistance ere I sink below ;
 For grief consumes my eye away,
 My woes upon my spirit prey !

5. My years in sorrow slowly fade ;
 My former strength is all decay'd ;
 But heavier griefs preside within,—
 The overwhelming load of sin ;
 And still to add to all my woes,
 Those once my friends are now my foes !

6. I am forgotten like the dead !
 From me the world's regards are fled !

My ear the blasphemies have heard
 Of those, my God, who doubt thy word !
 But trusting thine almighty aid,
 Their counsels ne'er my soul dismay'd !

7. Each day that I enjoy is thine !
 I hold my life by will divine !
 O Father ! still the gift increase ;
 Thy servant from the foe release,
 And with thy sacred presence glad
 My heart, now broken, pierced and sad !
8. O let me never be confused,
 For I thy laws have long perused ;
 With trembling knees, and blushing face,
 Have oft been suppliant for thy grace ;
 Then still with care watch o'er my doom,
 Till those who hate me reach the tomb !
9. In justice deal to all who swerve
 From sacred truth, as they deserve ;
 Let each false word its ill produce
 To those who virtue dare traduce,

That this life may at length become
An emblem of the life to come!

10. That life by thee design'd to bless
The virtuous with real happiness,
Oh how serene! direct the way
To heaven, and I will thee obey!
And hide me while I journey there,
With those o'er whom thou shed'st thy care!

11. Break forth, my soul! devotion, raise
The solemn sacred hymn of praise!
For he who claims it, when distress
O'erawed my spirit, gave redress;
And though my soul desponded, heard,
And granted ev'ry prayer preferr'd!

12. Fear not, ye faithful! he who gave
Existence, will the virtuous save!
The proud shall not for ever scorn
The man whom truth and worth adorn:
All who their God sincerely trust
Shall find their hopes of mercy just!

XXXII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(PENITENTIAL.)

1. O BLEST is he, beloved by thee,
Whose failings are pass'd o'er;
Who though he swerves, my God, preserves
Thy friendship as before!
2. O Lord! in vain I sought to gain
Relief whilst woe depress'd;
But as I pray'd to thee for aid,
I sank the more distress'd!
3. By night I felt thy terrors dealt
O'er all my trembling frame;
And through the day I pined away,
Still visited the same!

4. Then o'er my face did tear-drops chace
Each other, trickling fast;
I raised to thee, in misery,
My soul, with grief o'ercast!

5. I said, " each sin dyed dark within
My soul, I will display!"
Enough reproved, my pride removed,
Thou wip'dst each stain away!

6. For this shall they who trust thee pray,
When sorrows bend them low!
And they shall brave each angry wave
Of fortune or of woe!

7. Thy heavenly realm, when foes o'erwhelm,
Its shelter shall afford;
There ev'ry threat I shall forget,
My peace with hymns restored!

8. The Lord hath said, " No longer dread
" Life's drear and thorny road:
" On me confide, and I will guide
" Thy steps, and ease thy load!

9. " But freely yield a heart unsteel'd
 " By doubt and worldly care,
 " Subjection's thrall then ne'er shall gall,
 " Nor urge thee to despair !
10. " For they alone in misery groan,
 " Whose actions shrink from view ;
 " Though round faith close a world of woes,
 " Still mercy bears it through !"
11. O virtuous men, exalt ye then,
 That God who reigns above !
Ye true of heart, with joy impart
 The song of praise and love !

XXXIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. WITH holy rapture mortals sing
The praise of the celestial King !
For they who truth and virtue know,
Feel purer joys while praises flow !
2. Melodious harp, awake the strain
The echoing vales of grace retain !
Thou instrument of ten strings, raise
Thy mystic notes to hymns of praise !
3. Join ev'ry voice beneath the sky
In anthems to the deity !
He loves but virtue, earth displays
The bent of his benignant ways !

4. At his command, the heavens spread
The blue expanse of stars o'er head ;
And still obedient to his nod,
The waters rise to meet their God !
5. Let all creation stand in awe !
He spake, and every word was law :
This world assumed its solid base,
Still firm while time pursues its race !
6. Yet he whose deeds are set so high,
Still watches o'er mortality ;
Whilst all the arts of falsehood fail,
His thoughts and counsels still avail !
7. Oh bless'd are they who rightly place
On him their hopes of future grace !
And bless'd are they, whose worship gains
Forgiveness free from all their stains !
8. Though earth is far from heaven, he
Each secret act of man can see ;
Nor can the human heart resolve
A single thought he cannot solve !

9. The mightiest prince can not elude
Subjection, when by God pursued !
The warlike host shall nought avail,
The courser's fleetness then shall fail !
10. But while the haughty meet their doom,
Just lot of all who dare presume,
God's watchful eye the good observes,
His strength from death their souls preserves !
11. Oh ! we have long'd to know the day
That should to bliss our souls convey !
Jehovah is our strength and shield,
Ere long his face shall be reveal'd !
12. And oh, as kneeling thus we pay
Our homage, wipe each tear away !
And ere we faint, each heart rejoice,
My God, with thine endearing voice !

XXXIV.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. His praise, who gave me life and joy,
 Each moment shall my tongue employ,
 Nor shall decline of life destroy
 The pleasure found,
 In honouring *him* with praise sincere,
 While all the meek and lowly hear,
 And ev'ry pious accent cheer,
 Each holy sound !

2. Come join with me, all ye who fain
 Would sweet content and peace attain,
 Together let us strive to gain
 The Place of Rest !
 For God in woe hath cheer'd my mind,
 To life or death my soul resign'd,
 Raised those with whispers soft and kind
 Whom grief oppress'd !

3. When poverty with downcast eye
 Dares scarcely raise its prayer on high,
 To every wish, to every sigh,
 He still attends :
 Each care, rebuff, or grief that tore
 Man's sorrowing spirit, pains no more ;
 A hidden cherub hovers o'er,
 And oft befriends !
4. O ye who know not God, become
 Aspirants for the life to come !
 For they who gain it, ne'er can sum
 The gifts in store :
 And ye, who have through many a year
 The Saviour view'd with love and fear,
 Each holy law of his revere
 Still more and more !
5. And though in vain the lion may
 Through arid deserts seek for prey,
 Yet he whose thoughts from God ne'er stray
 From want is free !
 Then ye who sink beneath the load
 Of ills in this uncheer'd abode,
 Come learn the sure unerring road
 To heav'n from me !

6. Refrain from falsehood, learn to do
 What strictest scrutiny may view,
 And let each footstep peace pursue ;
 For God with grace
 Beholds the just ; and every word
 Receives from them, in prayer preferr'd,
 While *their* petitions are not heard
 Whose hearts are base !
7. Their record shall no more remain
 On earth, whose actions are profane ;
 But God from ev'ry care and pain
 The good defends !
 And they too, in his love have part
 To whom, though frail, a broken heart
 And contrite mind, remorse impart
 Ere this life ends !
8. How large soe'er the portion be
 O man ! of ills possess'd by thee—
 A day will come, when God shall free
 From every woe,
 Him who deserves such love divine !
 Behold that love already thine !
 His gifts in thy formation shine,
 With life still flow !

9. The wicked shall at length be slain ;
Their sins shall victory o'er them gain ;
And they shall meet but with disdain
 Who hate the just !
But God redeems all those who serve
Their Maker, and his love deserve ;
They who from his commands ne'er swerve
 Survive the worst !

XXXV.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. ETERNAL God ! plead thou my cause,
For me the sword of justice wield,
Assert the honor of thy laws,
Protect me with thy mighty shield !
2. Bring hither thine avenging spear,
Guard well the way from ev'ry foe,
Exalt my soul o'er servile fear,
And ev'ry warrior proud o'erthrow !
3. Let all who seek my ruin, learn
The humble are upheld by thee ;
Let those whose souls for mischief burn,
As dust before the whirlwind flee

4. Let thine avenging cherub drive
 Along the dark and slippery way,
 The foe that would with virtue strive,
 Or him who loves thy laws betray!

5. The pit, the stratagem, the net,
 Each mischief wile or base return,
 And ev'ry ambush sinners set,
 Against themselves with vengeance turn!

6. But thou, my soul! with sacred love
 Rejoice whilst I adoring kneel,
 And as my looks I cast above,
 In whispers, Lord, thy peace reveal!

7. My mortal frame shall silence break,
 And say " Oh who like thee befriends
 " Him whom the proud and rich forsake,
 " Or him that drooping sorrow bends?"

8. My fair fame has been falsely charged
 With crimes, by those who owed me most,
 To whom each duty I discharged,
 Whose sickness all my cares engross'd:

9. But vainly were my sorrows shed ;
For them I vainly sackcloth wore ;
My fastings and my prayers, but fed
The hatred they against me bore !
10. I gave them friendship, love unfeign'd ;
A brother could not more bestow ;
The tears of him who has sustain'd
His mother's loss, less sadly flow !
11. Yet when my prospects were obscured,
My woes their pleasure but increased ;
But pride and taunting I endured ;
They mock'd me at each carnal feast !
12. But O my God ! how long wilt thou
Behold nor on my side engage ?
Arise ! no more my wrongs allow ;
Defend me from the lion's rage !
13. And I will worship, gladly, where
Thy congregated servants kneel ;
My soul shall raise its solemn prayer,
My soul shall sacred ardor feel !

14. But let not those who hate me, still
 In pride o'er my misfortunes smile :
 Though they each outward form fulfil,
 In secret they their friends revile !
15. Once, overstepping ev'ry bound,
 They openly derided me ;
 But let them not my soul confound,
 For thou canst each injustice see !
16. Thy servant God no more forsake ;
 Thy throne of justice reascend ;
 Awake my God, to judgment wake ;
 From the dread foe my life defend !
17. Let those my ruin would delight,
 Themselves misfortune's chastening learn ;
 Dishonour, and with shame requite,
 Their base endeavours in return !
18. But oh my Father ! joy divine
 Awake in those who gladly view,
 And favour ev'ry deed of mine
 That virtue's test exhibits true !

19. And may they, with sincere delight,
 The Author of their being praise!—
 Myself thy mercies will recite,
 Till day's effulgent light decays!

XXXVI.

1. His transgression who despises
All my soul with transport prizes
Proves he values not religion;
Vanity and pride inflate him,
Till the follies that elate him,
Burst and dissipate the vision !
2. All he utters falsely wanders,
He no more on wisdom ponders,
Truth and righteousness deserting !
He, whilst others are reposing,
Wakeful yet, is ill proposing—
Virtue by each thought perverting !
3. Far as heav'n thy love extendeth,
To the clouds thy truth ascendeth,
God who claimest our devotions !—
Like the mountains, ne'er decaying,
Is thy virtue; ev'ry saying
Thou declar'st—profound as oceans !

4. Nature all thy love attending,
 Beast and man alike befriending,
 Saviour! oh what mercies aid us :
 Weary of the world, its treasures ;
 Weary of its strifes and pleasures,
 Still thy wings are spread to shade us !

5. Plenty is within thy dwelling :
 Pleasures there the chalice swelling,
 Man drinks of thy holy river ;
 There springs up thy well delighting ;
 There a holy radiance lighting,
 Shines around the Generous Giver !

6. Still, to the religious-hearted,
 Be thy mercy Lord imparted :
 Let not vice and pride undo ^{us} !
 No, thy love shall not be doubted :—
 Ev'ry sinner there lies routed
 That with thoughts malign durst view me !

XXXVII.

1. **FRET** not, though the wicked rise!
Fear not those who good despise!
They shall wither, they shall fade,
Like the feeble grassy blade!
2. He who knows his Maker ne'er
Feels the pangs of want and care!
He whose hopes on heaven rest,
Is in all his wishes blest!
3. Trust thyself to heavenly aid,
Nought shall then thy bliss invade!
Though thy virtues are conceal'd,
They to God shall be reveal'd!
4. Sink not—though the wicked may
Sometimes prosper, sometimes sway;
Be not hasty, rest in peace,
Time from wrong shall all release!

5. They who stedfastly endure,
Shall behold God's promise sure !
They who cease to hope shall find
Rashly were their hopes resign'd !
6. Look where dwell the proud and base,
None ere long shall find their place !
They who from false pride refrain,
Long shall here in peace remain !
7. While the wicked plots devise,
God their arts shall all surprise !
When they gnash their teeth and spurn,
God shall mock them in return !
8. They who draw the guilty steel,
Soon themselves its edge shall feel !
They who bend the warlike bow,
Shall though armed their weakness know !
9. What the good though poor possess,
More than guilty wealth can bless !
All the riches of the great,
Cannot turn the stroke of fate !

10. God the righteous man upholds,
Ev'ry virtuous act beholds,—
For him, bliss God hath in store,
Bliss that never shall be o'er!
11. He alone who virtue tries,
Can above affliction rise :
Nor can famine quite depress
Those who righteousness possess !
12. They like offer'd rams consume,
Who against their God presume :
They who his revenge provoke,
Vanish like the fading smoke !
13. Sinners borrow, nor repay :—
Those who virtue's rules obey,
Rest not *just*, but *mercy* shew
Equally to all below !
14. They who thus obey their Lord,
Even here receive reward :
They whose actions claim disdain,
Shall not long on earth remain !

15. God who virtue ne'er forsakes,
Prompts each step the good man takes ;
Should he in life's pathway sink,
Holds him from perdition's brink !
16. From my youth, I ne'er beheld
Plenty from the good withheld ;
Now that o'er me age descends,
Heaven still the good befriends !
17. He that freely aids the poor,
Want, through life, shall ne'er endure :
Kindness too its grace shall shed
O'er his race when he is dead !
18. Sin no more ! thee may the light
Virtue sheds, direct aright !
Fear not, God with pleasure views
Him who truth, though late, pursues !
19. By thy Maker's judgments learn,
By his love of saints discern,
All his goodness, and how just
Are their hopes who heaven trust !

20. Be it still repeated, they
Who their Maker disobey,
Lose the joys o'er virtue shed,
Gaining but remorse instead !
21. By each wise decision know,
By the truths that from him flow,
Him whose laws divine and pure,
Guide to heaven by pathways sure !
22. God the wicked shall restrain,
All their arts shall prove but vain ;
He, should virtue be condemn'd,
Thwarts the death its foes intend !
23. Still, oh still, for heaven burn !
Still to thy bless'd Author turn !
Heaven shall reward each care,
Realms to which but saints repair !
24. Like the bay-tree, ever green,
Sinners I have prospering seen ;
Soon their short-lived pride was o'er,
Perish'd, faded, seen no more !

25. Not so they who justly found
All their hopes on truths profound ;
Such of peace death ne'er deprives
When the parting hour arrives !
26. Ev'ry fault the good deplore,
God in mercy passes o'er ;
Ev'ry wanton crimson stain,
Sinners still condemn'd retain !
27. Oh Salvation ! only prize
Sought for by the truly wise ;
Thou art God's own sacred gift !
Thou canst man to heaven lift !
28. Those who seek thee gain repose,
Even ere life's troubles close ;
Cares divine, on earth, preserve
All who heavenly joys deserve !

XXXVIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(PENITENTIAL.)

1. **FORGIVE** me, Lord, till love succeeds
Thy rage, and former friendship pleads !
Thine arrows pierce me through and through,
Thy hand is heavy o'er me too !
2. **Severely**, Lord, I feel thy rage !
I sink enervate as from age :
My trembling bones refuse to bear
This body wasted though by care !
3. **While** mortal wounds unheal'd remain
Remorse increases still my pain ;
I bend, I mourn, expiring day
Bears none of my distress away !

4. My loins are weaken'd by disease ;
O'er all my fabric terrors seize ;
Enfeebled, stricken, oft my cries,
To heaven from my heart arise !
5. To thee my wishes all are known ;
My sighs, O Father, reach thy throne !
My feeble heart with sorrow beats,
And loss of sight my woe completes !
6. My friends now from me all are fled ;
No kinsmen wait around my bed ;
My griefs, their secret joy inflame
Who seek my life or wound my fame !
7. Ere this their slanders moved me not ;
Their acts of treachery I forgot ;
My ears to all their threats were closed,
For justice but on God reposed !
8. I ask'd alone, that *they* should fail
Who basely durst my life assail :
That those who saw me step aside,
Should not my wanderings deride !

9. I droop beneath the wounds of strife ;
Transgression's thorns invade my life;
Thou know'st it, but to ease my breast,
Deplored each sin shall be confess'd!
10. O whence is it my foes still live
With all that wealth and pow'r can give ?
Oh why increase they who disdain
What virtues in me still remain ?
11. If I remember'd thee my God,
Ere fortune o'er me laid its rod,
Approach me and afford thine aid
Now fortune's woes and frowns invade !

XXXIX.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(BURIAL OF THE DEAD.)

1. I SAID, lest I correction need
In future, I my words will heed ;
Provoked I will restrain my tongue,
Though to rebuke by sinners stung!—
2. Thus when they rail'd, I held me still,
Replying not or good or ill,
Though pain and grief inflamed my soul,
And kindling passions through me stole !
3. At length the silence thus I broke—
(But Father 'twas to thee I spoke!)
“ My length of days O let me know,
“ In this abode of vice and woe :

4. " My utmost years since life began,
 " With thee compared were but a span ;
 " And all the years man here can stay,
 " In vanity are pass'd away :

5. " Pursuing shadows, all his pains
 " Are spent on that which vice profanes ;
 " His carnal riches, toiling heap'd,
 " Shall by an unknown hand be reap'd !

6. " O tell me then what hopes remain—
 " All, all, if I could heaven gain !
 " Then cleanse me from pollution, lest
 " The thoughtless world my course molest !

7. " And if I have been dumb through shame,
 " I will not blush to own thy name !
 " Then take thine heavy hand away,
 " And cheer me now my pride gives way !"

8. When man for sin by thee is check'd,
 He feels the weight of each defect ;
 Incurring thy just wrath, he finds
 How frail a thread existence binds !

9. Then ere the pains of death ensue,
O hear me, all my sorrows view :
Afford me strength again, and I
Will learn to love thee ere I die !

XL.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(HEBREWS, CH. X.)

1. IN peace I waited and hope's fruits received;
God from the gloomy pit my life relieved;
His mercy raised me from the sinking clay,
And kindly bore me to a rock away!
2. My melancholy now is changed to joy;
An anthem's sacred notes my hours employ;
Repentant many shall with me ere long,
The world despising, join the pious song!
3. O bless'd is he who hopes in heav'n alone,
Who can the faithless and the proud disown!
And who, my God! can view thy works divine,
Nor to their Maker feel his soul incline?

4. O God, thy thoughts unasked to man extend ;
Thy mercies summing, I should never end ;
For all thy love thou claim'st no sacrifice,
But man's offending spirit cleansed from vice!
5. Then said I, " Lo I come, thy rolls divine
" Record that pure obedience shall be mine ;
" To do a Father's will is my delight,
" To save a world sin's deepest glooms benight!"
6. Thy worshippers my ministry have heard,
I have not from them hidden thy bless'd word!
Nor thou, withhold from me the source of grace,
Which may my mortal woes with joy replace !
7. A thousand thousand griefs my soul depress ;
I dare not the sin-anguish all confess ;
I faint within me, yet while thus disgraced
In manhood, Father to my succour haste !
8. Thy promises remembering, all the woe
I from them feel, revisit on the foe !
Let those who persecute me, learn that thou
Canst make the proudest heart before thee bow !

- 9. Cheer those who seek thee! often may thy name
Be heard from those religion's hopes inflame!
Though I am poor, thou bear'st me still in mind!
Then help me, ere my hopes are all resign'd!**

XLI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. OH bless'd is he, whose hand extends
To raise the man misfortune bends :
When troubles vex him, he shall find
A Friend in Heaven, to him as kind !
2. Preserved by God, his life shall be
With blessings crown'd, from dangers free ;
And God will o'er him comfort shed,
When lingering on affliction's bed !
3. I thus, *Eternal!* ask'd thine aid :
My heart was full as thus I pray'd :
" Extend thy mercy, heal my soul
" Though I have wander'd make it whole !

4. " Together, thus my foes commune :
 " Oh may his glory perish soon !
 " How long shall he on earth remain,
 " By righteousness, our scourge, our pain ?

5. " And he who my destruction seeks,
 " Before me with feign'd friendship speaks,
 " But when retired, in all I fail
 " His words my character assail !

6. " All those who my afflictions view,
 " With whispers envious and untrue,
 " Say *Him behold who o'er him draws*
 " Revenge for heaven's evaded laws !

7. " And he too, who was oft my guest,
 " Hath left me now by woe depress'd :
 " But whilst all other friends I lose
 " God o'er me still thy love diffuse !"

8. Thy justice hath o'er-ruled my foes ;
 By this I know thou view'st my woes ;
 For what of virtuous hope remain'd
 Within me, pleading heaven gain'd !

9. Then may devotion, in return,
For ever in my spirit burn !
May seraphs still their Maker praise,
When earth, when heav'n, when time decays !

XLII.

A PSALM OF DAVID,

IN HIS FLIGHT FROM ABSALOM TO BEYOND JORDAN.

1. LIKE the panting hart I thirst;
Earthly things but bring disgust;
He but seeks the water-brook,
I would for a Saviour look!
2. When shall I his presence gain?
When shall cease my woe and pain?
Day and night I sorrowing lie,
Tears alone my food supply!
3. Persecution goads my soul,
Sinners' doubts my heart controul,—
Still my spirit flies to thee
Father, when my thoughts break free!

4. I have oft in thine abode,
 Paid the sacred debt I owed !
 Worship shall o'er sins prevail ;
 Prayers of penitence ne'er fail !

5. *Wherefore, O immortal part !
 Droop'st thou ? why o'erflows my heart ?
 Cheer thee ! though in tears and sad,
 Holy smiles thy lays shall glad !*

6. Still that soul of anguish drinks !
 Father yet that spirit sinks !
 Fled to Jordan, Hermon gain'd,
 Spirit still be hope-sustain'd !

7. Round me, Lord ! thy billows roar,—
 But thy storms shall all be o'er,
 When thy mercy shall subdue
 What thy just revenge would do !

8. All I still by day enjoy,
 Shall my midnight-thoughts employ ;
 Should I be again betray'd
 Grant me, Father, still thine aid !

9. Thou by me shalt be address'd,
Ever when by wrongs oppress'd:
Call me, Oh my God, to mind,
Though to grief by thee resign'd!
10. I amid this scene of pain,
Nothing but reproaches gain;
Ev'ry taunt the world bestows,
Wounding to my spirit goes!
11. *Wherefore, O immortal part!*
Droop'st thou? why o'erflows my heart?
Cheer thee! though in tears and sad,
Holy smiles thy lays shall glad!

XLIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(SUBJECT AS LAST.)

1. O ETERNAL, plead for me !
Judge the world, my cause maintain !
I have none to help but thee !
Aid me, and my freedom gain !
2. Let me shun the sinner's track !
Save me, God, from falsehood's toils !
Thou canst guard me from attack !—
Tell me, why my soul recoils !
3. O'er me shed effulgent light ;
Lead me to thine holy hill ;
Truth within my soul excite,
Thus may I perform thy will !

4. Then will I thine altar seek,
 Joy in thee, my sacrifice :
From my harp a tribute meek,
 Shall thy holy love suffice !

5. Why art thou, my soul, distress'd ?
 Wherefore sink'st thou thus in grief ?
Prayer and praise shall gain thee rest ;
 God with smiles shall give relief !

XLIV.

1. OUR sires, oh God ! have often told
Thy miracles in times of old ;
What heathens were by thy dread hand
Repulsed to yield to us their land ;
For they, our fathers, gain'd it not
Themselves, by warfare's valiant lot ;
'Twas thy right-hand, thine arm of might,
That fought and vanquish'd in the fight,
Their foes through *favour* were o'erthrown,
Not by their might, but thine alone !
2. Jehovah ! thou art King supreme !
With bounty still on Jacob beam !
Through thee our foes shall be subdued,
With fall'n the field of battle strew'd ;
Nor will I trust my sword or bow,
For thou alone can'st overthrow.

And though my arms I dare not wield,
 Each foe I have to thee shall yield;
 Hence rises in the heart, that joy
 Oblivious time can ne'er destroy!——

3. But oh my God! whence comes it now,
 Before our foes confused we bow?
 By thee we are no longer led;
 We vanquish not, but flee instead;
 Our stores are by our foes possess'd,
 Ourselves by weighty bonds oppress'd;
 As sheep we are for nothing sold,
 For what to thee were stores of gold?
 Rebuked we are, and scorn'd of all
 The foes who fear'd us ere our fall!

4. Confusion is the lot, each day,
 That blushing tears my rest away;
 Each sland'rer's and blasphemers threat
 O'erawed by foes, I ne'er forget;
 Yet all these ills can not unbind
 Our trust, to thee so well resign'd!
 Our hearts turn not, to thee we still
 The duties thou ordain'st fulfil;

Nor shall we shrink, when death's chill shade
With phantoms shall our peace invade !

5. For should we ever cease to praise
The bounteous Author of our days—
Should we profanely ever yield
To idols worship—'twere reveal'd !
For ev'ry thought to God is known,
Ere in the human fancy sown !—
But wherefore, oh my God ! are we
In need deserted thus by thee ?
Although our trust is placed on high,
As bleeding sheep each day we die !

6. Jehovah ! rise : why sleep'st thou, while
We fall by those who thee revile ?
Oh ! wherefore is thy face conceal'd !
Can'st thou to all our woes be steel'd ?
Our souls in horror reach the dust,
Our bodies share the mind's disgust :—
In mercy rise, and o'er us shed
Thine help, ere we in sin are dead ;
For when death's portals o'er us close
We lose repentance with our foes !

XLV.

(CHRISTMAS DAY.)

1. *My heart grows warm, as thus I sing
The praise I justly owe my King !
My lips the willing theme recite
Swiftly as thought-quick penmen write !*
2. O fairer than this world's frail race,
Thy fluent lips are full of grace !
Eternity and bliss⁴ are thine,
Gifts from the bounteous fount divine !
3. Gird on thy sword ; to battle go ;
Ride forth in glory ; overthrow !
Success attend thee ! may thy worth,
Thine arms of grace, subdue the earth !

4. How piercing to the rebel-heart,
Sent forth by thee is every dart!
The proudest foe can not withstand
The dreadful warfare of thine hand!

5. Thy throne, O God, when time's last hour
Is faded, shall maintain its power;
Beyond this fragile world's decay,
Thy sceptre's righteousness shall sway!

6. By rectitude absorbed alone,
Sin ne'er thy virtue hath o'erthrown;
Thus from the world's corruption free,
Thy Father King anointed thee!

7. A sweet perfume thy garments shed,
(Myrrh, aloes, cassia, o'er them spread)
From palaces of ivory,
The joyful mansions where they lie.

8. King's daughters were among the train
Of maids who at thy court remain:
And at thy right-hand is the queen
In gold embroider'd vestments seen.

9. My daughter, hearken! and incline
Thine ear to utterance divine!
Thy native land no more regret,
Thy father's mansions too forget!
10. So shall the king, with joy behold
Thy beauty all its charms unfold!
Then worship, by his presence awed,
For he is thine Almighty Lord!
11. The daughters too of Tyre, there
A present with respect shall bear;
The proud, the wealthy, and the great,
Thy friendship all shall supplicate!—
12. The daughter of the king is deck'd
In glories, which her soul reflect:
The clothing of wrought gold she bears,
Befits the heav'nly smiles she wears.
13. She shall before the king be brought
In raiment by the needle wrought:
The virgins who upon her wait,
Shall come before him too in state!

14. To him whom they all worship owe,
 With soul-rejoicing they shall go :
 Into the presence of their king
 Their leaders all shall honour'd bring !
15. O grieve thee not ! a favour'd race
 Of children shall thy sires replace,
 Who may in ev'ry clime obey'd,
 In future times be princes made !
16. *Through passing generations, still .*
God's holy name my thoughts shall fill !
All those who know him, shall applaud
Through time, for ever more, their Lord !

XLVI.

1. **JEHOVAH** is our last resource !
Our hope through all life's troubled course !
We need not tremble, though the world
Itself should from its base be hurl'd ;
Or should the ocean's bosom hide
The mountains sever'd from its side !
2. Though mighty waters swell and rage,
Though winds their power on mounts assuage,
These horrors but our hopes increase,
When God infuses joy and peace ;
For mercy's love-stream shall rejoice
The city of Jehovah's choice !
3. His tabernacle there is placed,
And by his sacred presence graced ;
Rage on ye tempests if ye dare,
And learn that God himself is there !

The heathens rise, earth's kingdoms fade,
Destructions shall the world invade !

*Yet we who Jacob's God revere,
The God of armies need not fear !*

4. Advance, Jehovah's wonders view,
What terrors from his wrath ensue ;
At his command earth's armies meet,
His word allays their warlike heat ;
He breaks the spear, he snaps the bow,
His flames their warlike cars o'erthrow !

5. " Be still," (O hearken ! heaven unfolds
Its darkness ; God high converse holds :)
" Be still, and know that I am Lord !
" The heavens shall my praise accord ;
" The mighty world, shall know that he
" Who form'd it, is the Deity !"

*Yet we who Jacob's God revere,
The God of armies need not fear !*

XLVII.

(ASCENSION DAY.)

1. O CLAP your hands ! devoutly sing !
With praise let heaven's concave ring !
For nations ! he who made ye, will
Receive the strains pure thoughts instil !
That God Supreme, your constant theme,
With sacred fear earth's king revere !
2. Our warring foes he shall defeat ;
Their nations cast beneath our feet ;
And they whose thoughts with virtue glow,
To compensate for earthly woe,
A life shall gain devoid of pain,
And smiles divine shall o'er them shine !
3. Behold ! amid seraphic strains,
The deep cerulean God regains :

The sounding trump bids man afford
Homage to *him* on high adored ;
Then promptly all obey the call !
With *knowledge* raise the hymn of praise !

4. His sway o'er all this world extends ;
Beneath his throne earth lowly bends ;
The heathen princes aid o'erawed
The worshippers of Abraham's Lord,—
For 'tis reveal'd each earthly shield
From him descends whose power transcends !

XLVIII.

(WHITSUNDAY.)

1. How mighty, *he* whose actions claim
The sweetest praise the lips proclaim !
Amid the holy city's towers,
Beneath his mountain's olive bowers,
By his divinity impress'd,
With ardor be our hymns address'd !
2. Mount Sion rises southward, o'er
The city where his saints adore ;
Its beauties are the world's delight,
And grace that holy city's site,
Whose palaces are God's retreat,
Where sinners welcome refuge meet !
3. The kings that durst attack it, fled
With all the hostile troops they led,

Subdued by sudden fear like those
 O'erpower'd by piercing child-birth throes !
 And as the ships of Tarshish know
 God's pow'r, when eastern tempests blow !

4. Jerusalem sees verified
 What long before was prophesied :
 Nor time itself shall undermine
 The God of Hosts' commands divine !
 Thus confident, to God we yield
 Our thoughts, within his temple kneel'd !

5. Where'er through earth thy presence reigns,
 Thy name, O God, respect obtains !
 For thy right-hand, its worth bestows,
 Where'er thy sacred presence goes !
 Rejoice then daughters of Judea,
 Your songs let echoing Sion hear !

6. O go ye round that sacred mount,
 And to its tow'rs the tale recount ;
 Its palaces and walls behold
 That after ages may be told,
 A God immortal here presides,
 Who throughout life with friendship guides !

XLIX.

1. YE rich and poor, ye high and low,
Hear what shall from my spirit flow!
My lips inspired shall wisdom speak!
My thoughts shall outsoar nature weak!
2. To parable my ear inclined,
What is by heav'ns command design'd,
Upon my harp I will display,
With all its darkness charm'd away!
3. Oh wherefore should I fear, when ill
Shall threaten to subdue my will?
'Tis they who trust *false wealth* should learn
That dust to kindred dust shall turn!
4. None by such wealth has power to save
The dearest brother from the grave:
Unless himself can mercy gain
He unredeem'd must still remain!

5. He should, though long his life be spared,
 For life's decline be well prepared ;
 Beholding, fools or wise, both leave
 Their wealth when they death's stroke receive !

6. Yet each imagines his own soul
 Beyond the stretch of death's control ;
 And from themselves, men proudly name
 That heritage their sons shall claim !

*7. Man ! like the beasts that perish, thou
 With all thy dignity must bow :
 And yet thy followers still retain
 Thy wisdom, though it all proves vain !*

8. Like sheep, unwarn'd they meet their doom ;
 Death bears them captive to the tomb ;
 Whilst mouldering there man's beauty lies,
 In lovelier youth the righteous rise !

9. But I no more will be a slave
 To all the terrors of the grave !
 Although its chills surround me, God
 Will quicken'd raise me from the sod !

10. Nor grieve, though 'tis another's fate,
To be more worldly-rich and great ;
At death, his glory all must end,
To others all his wealth descend !
11. Though flattery tells him, he is bless'd ;
Himself believing bliss possess'd ;
He must go where his fathers went
Before him, when his life is spent !
12. *Man ! like the beasts that perish, thou
With all thy dignity must bow :
As unennobled too shalt fall,
If careless of true wisdom's call*

L.

A PSALM OF ASAPH.

1. FROM day-break, till the setting-sun
Shall through a *day of mercy* run.
The mighty God in beauty clad,
From Sion bids the world be glad !
2. The Lord shall come, nor come unheard ;
Earth awed shall hear his sacred word ;
Consuming fire shall go before,
A veil of tempests round him soar !
3. Through heav'n above, through earth below,
The warning voice of God shall go,
That mortals may beneath him kneel'd
Hear judgment thus with awe reveal'd :

4. " Ye saints, who offering, have obey'd
 " The covenant between us made,
 " Approach, and from the heav'ns await,
 " The judgment of its Potentate !
5. " Hear, O my people ! Israel, I
 " Against thy sins will testify :
 " Myself am Deity alone,
 " Earth is my footstool, heav'n my throne !
6. " Yet for burnt-offerings still unpaid,
 " What sacrifices ye evade,
 " Though justly were my anger moved,
 " By me ye shall not be reproved !
7. " No bullock I for such require ;
 " No he-goat from the fold desire ;
 " Mine all that ev'ry forest fills,
 " The cattle of a thousand hills !
8. " I know the fowls on ev'ry height,
 " Each savage beast is in my sight ;
 " If hungry, then whom should I tell,
 " Earth mine, and all that on it dwell ?

9. " And think'st thou I on bull's flesh feast,
 " Or drink the blood from goat's released ?
 " No—offer but a thankful heart;
 " Thy sacred vows to God impart !
10. " When troubles vex thee, prayer address ;
 " Then God will ev'ry ill redress ;
 " And tears of joy shall flow instead,
 " For ev'ry tear of sorrow shed !"
11. *But thus to hypocrites God spoke :*
 " Wherefore my holy name invoke ?
 " Why preach my laws, why feign to love
 " The covenant with heaven above ?
12. " Whereas, repentance is thy scorn,
 " My words thy mockery when I warn,
 " Thieves even gain'd of thee consent,
 " Thine aid was to adulterers lent !
13. " Profanely have thy lips been used,
 " Deception has thy tongue diffused :
 " Thus thou to thine own brother dealt,
 " Thy mother's son thy slanders felt !

14. " All this with silence I observed,
" Till like thyself thou thought'st I swerved :
" But I before thee will repeat
" Thy sins, reproving each conceit!
15. " Nor Israel fear alone ! but all
" Who cease upon their God to call ;
" Lest I in fury should subdue,
" Those who with scorn their Maker view !
16. " But whoso yields the praise he owes,
" An honour to his God bestows :
" The Lord salvation will intrust
" To those of conversation just !"

LI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(PENITENTIAL.)

1. THY mercy, oh my God, bestow,
As love divine is wont to flow !
Oh wash away the dark offence,
And kindly view my penitence !
2. The sins I have with grief confess'd,
Against *thee* only were transgress'd !
The conscience-stings that o'er me steal,
Thy truth and justice strict, reveal !
3. Behold ! in sin I was conceived ;
In wickedness my form received ;
Yet thou in secret to my heart,
A saving knowledge canst impart !

4. With hyssop thou my soul shalt purge,
Like snow upon the mountain's verge ;
With gladness cheer my mind and heal
Each spirit-wound thou mak'st me feel !
5. Oh, from my sins avert thy face !
Of all my failings leave no trace !
Eternal, cleanse this heart of mine,
And fill my soul with truths divine !
6. God, leave me in thy presence still !
My spirit with thine essence fill !
Thy comfort to my mind return !
With ardour pure, O let me burn !
7. Then I will other sinners, teach
A way that shall thy presence reach ;
Thus I transgressors will reclaim,
And with my own emotion flame !
8. Relieve me from each guilty stain,
That in me may from blood remain !
O hear and grant me this request,
Thou God on whom for help I rest !

9. My tongue shall then, inspired, declare
With hymns how much I owe thy care !
Thou shalt, O Lord, my lips unseal,—
Those lips shall then thy praise reveal !
10. For sacrifice, to thee, is nought,
Or pardon I would thus have sought !
Burnt-offerings gain not thy esteem,
Nor can the giver's soul redeem !
11. The erring *spirit*, when it grieves,
For sacrifice the Lord receives !
A broken contrite heart, may gain
That mercy pride demands in vain !
12. Lord favour Sion, and from foes
Jerusalem with walls inclose !
Then with acceptance, thou wilt bless,
The sacrifice of righteousness !
13. Then bullocks on thine altar slain,
Shall not be sacrificed in vain !
Burnt-offerings thou with smiles wilt view,
And welcome our oblations too !

LII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. TYRANT! why of mischief boast?
God befriends us, well thou know'st!
Human help in need may fail,
God's for ever shall avail!
2. Sin drops from thy tongue obscene,
Falsehoods as the razor keen;
O'er thee vice maintains its sway,
Virtue to its pow'r gives way!
3. Truth with all its charms, thy mind
For deception has resign'd!
Wounds are given, by each word,
Lawless member from thee heard!

4. God too long offended, will
Deal to thee again thine ill ;
Thou shalt gain eternal death,
Yielding unprepared thy breath !
5. This shall by the good observed,
Bring thee *thus* the scorn deserved :
“ Him behold, who has relied,
“ Not on God, but wealth and pride !”
6. But whilst hope I firmly place
On my God's sustaining grace,
I am as the olives green
Thriving in the temple seen !
7. Ever will I from my heart,
Praise for God's kind acts impart ;
Saints with worship hear God's name,—
I the like bless'd right will claim !

LIII.

(SEE PSALM XIV.)

1. THE fool within himself hath said,
" No more will I Jehovah dread ;
" I doubted once, but now I know
" No God presides o'er earth below !"
2. There is not of the human race,
A man whose actions are not base ;
For God from heaven hath all survey'd,
And found our nature widely stray'd !
3. The spot where purity once reign'd,
Is now by vile pollution stain'd :
There is not of the human race
A man whose actions are not base !

4. Oh whither is thy reason fled,
To eat thy fellow-men like bread ?
With heavy sins thou art oppress'd
Yet call'st not on thy God for rest !
5. Where fear is not thou art afraid ;
Whilst he who look'd above for aid,
Against *thee scorn'd of God* help gain'd,
And o'er thee victory obtain'd !
6. Salvation ! oh that, Israel, thine
Could be sweet portion so divine !
From Sion oh that God would save
That people vice and foes enslave !
7. Such kindness could we but receive,
In tears no more would Jacob grieve ;
In praise all Israel would unite,
And God's abundant love recite !

LIV.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(GOOD FRIDAY.)

1. PRESERVE me, for thy name-sake Lord !
Avenge me, Father, with thy strength !
In mercy listen, and accord
My prayer at length !
2. For strangers are against me come
Who have all holy will resign'd,
And would with tyranny o'ercome,
My fainting mind !
3. Behold ! Jehovah yields me aid ;
On those who cheer my soul he smiles ;
While all who my repose invade,
That God reviles !

4. By truth, Lord, infidels o'erthrow !
Receive of me a heart sincere !
With joy, my praise to thee shall flow
Whom I revere !

5. For thou hast all my troubles eased,
And I my enemies have view'd
With terror and repentance seized,
By thee pursued !

LV.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. ETERNAL ! hear me when I pray,
Nor turn from my request away :
O hear me, now in prayer I mourn,
My spirit deep with anguish torn !

2. With threats, the wicked come to wreak
Upon me the revenge they seek :
My heart within my bosom fails,
The fear of death my mind assails !

3. I trembled all, o'erwhelm'd with dread ;
And, oh that I had wings ! I said ;
The wilderness I then would gain,
And like the dove at peace remain !

4. Yes, I would hasten far away,
To where nought should repose betray ;
For here the stormy winds arise,
The angry tempest clouds the skies !
5. O put my God their tongues to shame,
For in thy city they defame ;
Nor day nor night from falsehood kept,
Their words are by the faithful wept.
6. Thy once-loved city is defamed !
Deceit and guilt its walks have stain'd,
Yet by no open foe's attempt
Else I from blushing were exempt !
7. No, 'twas not my sworn foe, in pride
My prowess openly defied ;
From such I might have found retreat,
If I had dreaded such to meet !
8. But no,—'tis thou, my bosom friend,
Whose heartless deeds my bosom rend,
With whom in counsel sweet I shared,
As to the temple we repaired !

9. Let death, my God, if 'tis thy will,
O'ertake them and reward their ill !
'Tis awful they should sink to hell—
But oh my God in sin they dwell !
10. For me—to God I will apply ;
The Lord shall save me, for my cry,
At eve, at morn, at noon preferr'd,
Shall by a generous God be heard !
11. 'Twas *he* who warfare changed to peace,
And gave my troubled soul release ;
For they from whom I sought repose,
Were many, and the bitterest foes !
12. Yea, that eternal God I serve,
His love for me shall still preserve,
Still hear me, and abate the pride
Of those who fix'd in sin abide !
13. Know this ! with wrath God hath pursued
Him who his covenant eschewed,
Whose words were smooth—but framed with art,
Like swords, could mortal wounds impart !

14. Upon the Lord thy burthen rest,
He can sustain thee when distress'd,
Will kindly nourish thee, sustain
The meek through vice, temptation, pain !
15. Those whom blood-thirsty thoughts deprave,
Shall find destruction's pit their grave ;
Such shall not half their days fulfil !
Then I my God will trust thee still !

LVI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. Be kind to me, my Deity!
For man besets my way,
Exciting while fighting,
Death's shadowy fears each day!
2. Around me close each hour my foes,
And many are they, Lord,
Who follow, to swallow
Thy servant when abroad!
3. Though phantoms chance at times to glance
Within my doubting mind,
My sighing, relying
On God, an end shall find!

4. My trust I place in heavenly grace,
Thus resting, human might
Shall never dissever
My hopes, or dread excite !
5. Each word I speak, they daily seek
To misconstrue, their will
Ne'er ending intending
To do me every ill !
6. In bonds profane they link'd remain,
And mark conceal'd my way,
Observing my swerving,
To make my soul their prey !
7. Can vice insure retreat secure ?
No, thou my God wilt shew
Neglecting respecting
Thy laws shall gain but woe !
8. Thou tell'st when I e'er tread awry—
But with the tears I shed,
Bewailing each failing,
Let mercy's vase be fed !

9. Thou, when I pray, shalt turn away
My enemies, Supreme!
I knowing, o'erflowing
With love thine actions beam !
10. In God's bless'd voice I will rejoice,
His word shall comfort give ;
Abiding confiding
In God, content I live !
11. What man can do, I ne'er will view
With fear, but from my heart,
With pleasure the measure
Of God's just praise impart !
12. For from the dread uncheer'd death-bed,
To raise me, 'twas his will ;
From falling, recalling
My feet to seek him still !

LVII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. O God, unfold thy grace to me !
My soul relies alone on thee ;
Beneath thy wings' expansive shade,
From tyranny I seek for aid !
2. That God Supreme I will address,
Who grants each wish I dare confess ;
Who shall from *Heaven his dwelling*, send,
And from reproof my soul defend !
3. Jehovah will dispense in love,
His truth and mercy from above,
And ev'ry threat'ning ill restrain,
For here with lions I remain !

4. Amid the sons of men, I stay,
 Whose only wish is to betray,
 Whose teeth are spears and pointed darts,
 Each tongue a sword which life-blood starts !

5. *Eternal God ! thyself exalt
 Above the heavens' stupendous vault !
 O'er earth that far beneath it lies,
 Let thy majestic glory rise !*

6. They for my feet have laid a net,
 My soul with persecution met ;
 But in the pit for me prepared,
 Behold, they are themselves ensnared !

7. My heart, O God, is wholly thine,
 And fix'd on thee, shall ne'er repine ;
 By theme so holy all inflamed,
 With hymns its Maker shall be named !

8. Awake in rapture all my pride !
 O'er lute and harp, ye fingers glide !
 In public to Omnipotence,
 The strain betimes I will commence !

9. Far distant realms shall hear my song,
And gladly ev'ry note prolong !
To heav'n God's mighty love extends,
To meet the clouds his truth ascends !

10. *Eternal God ! thyself exalt
Above the heavens' stupendous vault,
O'er earth that far beneath it lies,
Let thy majestic glory rise !*

LVIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. YE worshippers devoutly met,
Are all your thoughts on virtue set ?
Ye sons of men who pains inflict,
Decide ye, but in justice strict ?
No, hypocrites, your thoughts are vile,
Unworthy acts your hands defile !
2. From life's first dawn, the impious stray
From truth and virtue far away ;
Their venom like the serpent kills
Whose poison through the wound distils ;
Or like the adder, whom no charm,
How wise soever, can disarm !

3. Lord! break their teeth, their jaw-bones smite,—
As lions they against me fight :
Like running water let them waste,
To ruin with their arrows haste ;
Or may they as the snail consume,
Or child that meets unborn its doom !
4. Ere yet the flesh-pots warmth shall feel,
From burning thorns beneath them steal,
God in a whirlwind, those shall take
To judgment, who his statutes break !
The blood of those who have withstood
Their Maker, shall avenge the good !
5. Thus man shall say, and justly so,—
“ God turns his watchful eye below ;
“ The patient good, at length shall gain
“ Reward for all their care and pain ;
“ For *One* o'er earth must judge preside,
“ Divinity supreme, sole Guide !

LIX.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. FROM all, my God, who dare approach,
In haste deliver me !
Permit not still that they reproach
One who relies on thee !
For wickedness is all they do,
They deep in blood their hands imbrue !
2. To take my soul, conceal'd they lie,
The mighty gather round ;
To thee, Eternal ! I apply
In misery profound ;
Unknown what vexing fault of mine,
Excites my enemies' design !

3. Arise, thou God of Hosts ! make known
 Enraged, that Israel's Lord,
 Though heathens dare insult thy throne,
 Presumption can reward !—
 And oh, reprove severely those,
 Whose ev'ry deed from malice flows !

4. Like dogs, when evening's shades descend,
 They through the city go,
 And howling, the still darkness rend,
 With thrilling shrieks of woe !
 But thou, Eternal ! shalt deride
 The heathen in their boasted pride !

5. To Him I will ascribe my pow'r,
 In whom I refuge find,
 Whose mercies ever o'er me show'r,
 My Benefactor kind !
 And he will soon, o'er ev'ry foe,
 The victory I wish, bestow !

6. But slay them not, Eternal, lest
 My people soon forget,

That if they ever have been bless'd,
 To thee they owed the debt :
 But vex our enemies, O Lord,
 And exiled scatter them abroad !

7. Their sinful lips reward shall gain ;
 Just punishment shall reach,
 At length, those who with words profane,
 But lies and curses preach.
 Consume them, God, and shew that thou
 In Jacob rul'st, and mak'st earth bow !
8. Or let them, when at eve's return
 They through the city go,
 Still howling as for prey they burn,
 But fiercer hunger know !
 And God I will adore thy pow'r,
 That watches o'er me every hour !
9. I early in the morn will rise,
 Thy praise betimes commence ;
 For thou in trouble hear'dst my cries,
 My refuge, my defence !
 To thee, enwrapt, my soul its strength
 Shall pour out through the day's whole length !

LX.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. ALMIGHTY thou hast cast us out !
Our proud battalions put to rout !
But though thine anger justly burn,
O let thy former love return !
2. The land to fury thou hast moved,
Still let its wounds be all removed ;
To us thou heavy things hast shewn,
By deadly wine in slumbers thrown !
3. To virtue thou hast given a sign,
That truth triumphantly might shine ;
To me, with those thy cares befriend,
Thy right-hand, when I ask, extend !

4. In holiness arose God's voice,
 Prophetic thus : " I will rejoice !
 " Sichem I will in portions rend,
 " O'er Succoth's vale my line extend !

5. " Mine own is Gilead, and to me
 " Manasses yields its sov'reignty ;
 " On Ephraim's strength reclines my head,
 " While Judah gives my statutes dread !

6. " Moab shall as my wash-pot serve ;
 " O'er Edom I will stretch my shoe ;
 " The shout fresh triumphs still reserve,
 " Philistia trembling shall renew !"

7. How reach the city, Edom's pride ?
 Where thither shall I find a guide ?
 O God, wilt thou no more protect,
 No more our hosts in war direct ?

8. In trouble be our help again,
 For every human aid is vain !
 Great actions we through God will do,
 He will our greatest foe subdue !

LXI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. WHERE'ER thou dwellest, God, receive
My supplications when I grieve!
Let ev'ry deep and ardent prayer,
Gain readily a welcome there!
To thee, though at the world's extent,
In woe those prayers I will present!
2. O set me on thy rock, beyond
Each scene that makes my soul despond!
To thee I owed my hopes alone,
Whenever, Lord, they brightly shone;
For thou to me a tower wast
When I amid my foes seem'd lost!
3. Thy tabernacle God, adored,
A dwelling shall to me afford;

The covert of thy wings shall be
 From dangers a retreat for me ;
 For thou hast heard my wishes, Lord,
 And giv'n the faithful a reward !

4. That God who thus the good repays,
 Shall grant his monarch length of days :
 Though generations pass away,
 Immortal, he shall ne'er decay !
 Before his God, in heaven bless'd,
 For ever he shall be at rest !

5. Thy faith and mercy, O prepare,
 That he thy sacred love may share !
 So ever will I to thy name,
 Afford the praise its merits claim ;
 With ardour, bless'd Eternal, warm
 To thee each day my vow's perform !

LXII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. MY thoughts on *Thee*, with ardour wait
Whose love for man, the future state
Of happiness prepares !
My Saviour, Holy God, art thou,
The foes of life before thee bow,
Before thee flee our cares !
2. How long with hatred will ye burn ?
While vice inflames ye, sinners learn,
Death judgment will impart !
Each seeks by falsehood, to oppress
The virtuous man God's favours bless,
Or curses swell his heart !
3. My soul still trusts the Good Supreme ;
His hopes still through my spirit beam,
With revelation's light :

My strength and my salvation true—
 My sure defence—in him I view ;
 His ways shall lead aright !

4. The health and glory that bestow
 Their blessings on me, gently flow
 From him who is my rock !
 Rely on God, and gladly pour
 Your hearts to him, whose cares restore
 Our hopes in ev'ry shock !

5. But lighter far is human aid
 Than vanity, (if justly weigh'd,)
 And given to betray !
 Live not by fraud ; though misery press,
 Though wealth increase, each thought repress
 That steals the heart away !

6. We *this* from thee, O God, have heard,
 Thou hast repeated ev'ry word :
 “ *Power is all mine own !*”
 That thou “ art merciful,” Oh Lord,
 “ But wilt with equity reward
 “ Mankind from thy just throne !”

LXIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. God supreme ! to thee I kneel ;
Early thou shalt be address'd ;
Burning thirst for thee I feel,
Like the glebe by drought oppress'd !
2. Thus have I in holiness,
Sought thy pow'r, thy glory bright :
More than life thy mercies bless ;
I thy praises will recite !
3. While I live, I still will dwell
With delight upon thy name ;
Hands uplifting, oft will tell
How thy deeds my soul inflame !

4. When my joyful lips afford
 Praise to thee whom I revere,
 Thou wilt oh my God adored,
 Feed me, and my spirit cheer!

5. Have I not upon my bed,
 And while waking thought of thee?
 While thy wings are o'er me spread,
 Father I o'erjoy'd shall be!

6. Still my soul in *thee* delights,
 Whose right hand hath been my stay;
 Those who ill that soul requite,
 Thou from earth wilt snatch away!

7. Wield the sword of justice, Lord!
 They who dare to anger thee,
 Scatter'd in thy rage abroad,
 Shall the prey of foxes be!

8. But thy monarch, Lord, rejoice!
 They who pledge by him, respect
 Then shall gain, while falsehood's voice
 Men with anger shall reject!

LXIV.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. FATHER to my prayers attend,
Now before my foes I bend!
Hide me from the gathering crowd,
Shield me from the base and proud!
 2. Trenchant are their tongues like swords,
Keen as arrows all their words;
At the simple, virtuous heart,
Fearlessly they point the dart!
 3. Conscience mutually resign'd,
Pleasure they in sinning find;
All their cares are to undo
Those whose hearts to God are true!
-

4. Evil prompting every deed,
Sinful lives alone they lead ;
Sins too dark to be reveal'd
Lie within their breasts conceal'd !
5. They who dare to heaven lift
Impious thoughts, an arrow swift,
Sent by God, shall wounding shew
Sin can not unpunish'd go !
6. Death, by falsity disgraced
O'er them, their own tongues shall haste !
All that view their overthrow,
Shall but smiles of scorn bestow !
7. " Thus the Lord hath done," shall they
Who behold his justice, say ;
Knowing in such judgments beam
Traces of the Great Supreme !
8. Gladly in the Lord, the just
For salvation still will trust :
We our hearts preserving pure,
Joys celestial shall secure !

LXV.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. IN Sion, we our Maker's praise,
Sincerely yield with holy lays :
Eternal ! in thy city, we
Acquitted of our vow will be !
For thou who hear'st the prayers men yield,
Shalt view all earth beneath thee kneel'd !

2. Though o'er me sin prevails, impart
Thy mercy to my feeble heart !
Bless'd is the man, whom love benign
Entices to thy courts divine ;
Who finds beneath thy mercy-seat,
A holy peaceful bless'd retreat !

3. Those wonders dread, thou wilt disclose,
Thy virtue now in mystery throws ;
In thee, salvation's God, men place
Alone their hopes of heavenly grace :
While distant, though on oceans toss'd,
Man's trust in thee shall ne'er be lost !
4. The mountains o'er the level land,
Arose from God's creating hand ;
Nor shall the rage of time invert
The works of him by power girt :
God makes the ocean's fury cease,
And sets the jarring world at peace !
5. Thy presence all mankind shall quell,
Though at the world's extent they dwell :
For morn and eve pass not away,
Ere homage to that God they pay,
Who visits all the earth to shower
The kindness of his holy power !
6. God by a pure and constant stream,
Makes earth with vegetation teem ;

The smiling corn receives his aid,
By rain through ev'ry furrow laid;
Where'er the moistening clouds appear
His goodness crowns the fruitful year !

7. The showers of heaven shall imbue
The pastures in the deserts too ;
The hills shall echo back the voice
Of countless flocks, as they rejoice ;
While laughing valleys shall in song,
The sounds of gratitude prolong !

LXVI.

1. LET sacred joy ye lands inflame,
To praise the Great Eternal's name ;
Ye nations kneeling prostrate, sing
The glories of the heavenly King !
2. Let ev'ry soul with joy exclaim,
What skill divine God's works proclaim !
Creation's majesties profound,
Must ev'ry atheist confound !
3. Unable wonder to repress,
The world united shall confess
To God its worship, and bestow
In song sublime the praise we owe !
4. Come hither, the Lord's works behold,
What love to man they all unfold ;
Where'er the eye is turn'd, we trace
His friendship to the human race !

5. The sea flow'd back before his hand,
Whilst we escaped upon dry land;
O'erjoy'd to find, Jehovah gave
His aid to lead us from the grave!
6. He evermore by pow'r shall sway,
The world entire his eyes survey:
Rebel ye not, for they who doubt
Their Maker's strength, shall be cast out!
7. But, O ye people! awed unite;
The honours due to God recite;
Nor mortals trembling, blush to raise
In lofty notes his solemn praise!
8. 'Tis he that gives the vital soul;
'Tis he that holds it in control;
'Tis he that while it lights the clay,
Guards ev'ry footstep of its way!
9. To learn if from thee we depart,
As silver, Lord, thou tried'st each heart;
Temptation strict hast made us feel,
Deep pangs through all our bodies steal!

10. Thou o'er our heads, hast suffer'd pride,
Just God ! triumphantly to ride :
Through flame and torrent we have pass'd,
Yet gain'd thy beaming smiles at last !
11. I therefore to thine house will go,
To offer up the vows I owe ;
Nor seek, Eternal ! to evade
The promises in trouble made !
12. My gratitude in heart profess'd,
Burnt sacrifices shall attest :
The incense too of rams shall be,
With goats and bullocks offer'd thee !
- 13 Approach ! and hearken, all who love
The Great Supreme who reigns above—
Hear how that God my spirit raised,
While worshipping my spirit praised !
14. While secretly to sin I turn,
My supplication God will spurn ;
But he attentive whilst I pray'd,
Hath made me worthy of his aid !

15. Adored be God, who cast not out,
Ungranted, my request devout!
Nor turn'd away the holy stream
Of mercies o'er me wont to gleam!

LXVII.

(EVEN SONG.)

1. **KINDLY** God in mercy bless us ! grant thy countenance supreme,
May to light thy ways mysterious, o'er our earthly trial beam :
Widely through each distant nation, saving health in mercy pour ;
Gladly let the people praise thee, let the people all adore !

2. Distant nations be ye joyful ! God himself will judge preside ;
All mankind in awe before him, shall with justice strict be tried :
He o'er all the world entire, shall Eternal Sov'reign reign :
Praise him then ye mighty nations ! praise him, praise him, praise again !

3. Then the teeming earth its increase, shall bring
forth ; and God will bless,
Even God, the God Almighty, all the stores that
we possess :
Earth itself its fruits beholding, shall the giver love
and fear ;
All its ends at once rejoicing, with the smiling
fruitful year !

LXVIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. LET God arise ! and every foe,
O'erthrown, his sacred prowess know !
Let all who hate him, flee before
The Deity that we adore !
2. Let those, great God ! who thee provoke,
Soon vanish like the passing smoke ;
As wax before the fire laid,
Let sinners from thy presence fade !
3. Oh sing to God ! *his* name exalt,
Who high above the heavenly vault
Careering sits, and as a steed
Directs the course its hosts should lead !

4. The mystic name of *Jah* repeat!
Rejoice before his mercy-seat!
In him a parent orphans find:
He bears the widow's cause in mind!
5. And he who from his throne thus bends,
To quell our strife, his spirit lends,
Removes the captive's galling chains
Whilst bondage o'er rebellion reigns!
6. As through the wilderness abroad,
Thou wentest with thy people, Lord!
Earth shook beneath thy mighty tread,
The heavens o'er thee bow'd with dread!
7. Sinai moved with sacred awe,
When thee, creation's God, it saw!
A gracious rain by God bestow'd,
Refresh'd the wearied saints' abode!
8. *The heritage* shall be possess'd
By congregations of the bless'd;
For joys that all their woes exceed,
Thou God prepar'st for those in need!

9. Jehovah gave the holy word—
 Its truths unnumber'd preachers heard—
 Kings with their armies fled confused,
 Dispell'd by truths that light diffused.
10. Although ye were in ashes laid,
 Ye by God's spirit shall be made
 Like doves, that silver wings infold,
 And feathers of resplendent gold !
11. When God on Salmon kings o'ercame,
 Its summit white as snow became !
 God's sacred mountain, rears on high
 Its head like Basan to the sky !
12. Wherefore with envy turn aside,
 Ye peaks ? here throned would God reside :
 This mount shall be his lov'd abode,
 When all time's lengthen'd stream is flow'd !
13. The chariots of the Great Supreme
 Are twenty thousand : angels beam
 Unnumber'd, by that chieftain led,
 Who glory o'er Sinai shed !

14. Lord ! thou from earth hast gone on high,
And captive led captivity !
That man thy holy reign might share,
Hast made the wicked tribute bear !
15. Our daily praise to God express,
The source of all our happiness !
The Lord who can the sinner save,
And bear us from the yawning grave !
16. The Lord shall wound the head of those
Who dare his holy will oppose :
A life in wickedness pursued,
Can not its just reward elude !
17. " Again, my people," God hath said,
" Shall be as from Mount Basan led :
" Mine own, I will redeem once more,
" As from the ocean's depth of yore !"
18. The righteous shall their foes defeat,
Transgressors' blood shall bathe their feet ;
The streams of crimson from the dead,
The dogs' insatiate tongues shall red !

19. Thy glory, mighty God, is shown,
While coming to thy temple-throne !
Singers, and maids who timbrels play,
And minstrels last, announce thy way !
20. Give thanks, O Israel, to the Lord !
With hymns the God of heaven applaud !
The purest feelings of the heart,
To him united saints impart !
21. We Benjamin their ruler view ;
Their council Judah's princes too ;
Each that makes Zabulon obey,
Or over Naphtali holds sway !
22. Through God we are endued with power :
Lord, with such gifts, thy *friendship* shower !
So shall each distant monarch, bring
To Salem a rich offering !
23. Rebuke the rush-laid monster ; hold
The people, calf-like, madly bold,
By tribute in religious awe :
Those scatter who delight in war !

24. Egyptian princes then, with fear,
To Salem's temple shall draw near ;
Converted Ethiop shall extend
Its hand to God, as to a friend !
25. Sing to the Lord ! ye kingdoms raise
To him the solemn hymn of praise ;
God, who while ruling ever more
The heaven of heavens, bids man adore !
26. Ascribe to God, his strength display'd
When giving Israel holy aid !
Beyond the clouds his power resides !
His worship in the heavens presides !
27. Lord ! wonderful art thou, *above*,
From whence thou stream'st o'er Israel love
Bless'd be that God who strength bestows,
That we may triumph o'er our woes !

LXIX.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(CHARACTER OF CHRIST.)

1. PROTECTOR kind, afford thine aid!
The waves of strife my soul invade,
In clayey mire I sink below,
Deep flooding waters o'er me flow!
2. Yet by my constant wearying cry,
Eternal God! my throat is dry;
And waiting for thee, O my sight
Gives place to dark ne'er ending night!
3. They whose unfounded hate I dread,
The hairs outnumber of my head;
Mighty are they who are my foes,
Though faultless they against me rose!

4. I paid them what was never due;
My simpleness thou hast in view,
From thee no failings are conceal'd!
The faults made mine are all reveal'd!
5. Let those by love of thee inflamed,
For my sake never be ashamed;
Through me confound not, Israel's Lord,
Those who before thee kneel o'erawed!
6. O, why for thy sake have I felt
The tauntings persecution dealt?
Suffused with blushes, I in vain
Endeavour'd to conceal my pain!
7. A stranger to my kindred grown,
I to my brethren am unknown;
And from my mother's children torn,
An alien I in sorrow mourn!
8. My zeal for thine abode hath prey'd
Like hunger o'er my frame decay'd;
The same rebukes bestow'd on thee,
Eternal Father, visit me!

9. I sorrow'd, and by fasting tried
A way that should my tears have dried ;
But with my sackcloth, this, the base
Reproaching turn'd to my disgrace !
10. E'en they who at the gate abide,
My acts of piety deride ;
While drunkards too in song profane,
With calumny my actions stain !
11. But, Lord, my prayers thine ear shall reach,
When love celestial I beseech !
O hear me in thy mercy pure ;
Salvation to my prayers insure !
12. O snatch me from perdition's brink,
The mire, O God, in which I sink !
My life from those who hate me save !
Preserve me from a briny grave !
13. Let not the water-floods o'erpow'r,
The yawning depths, my frame devour !
O save me from the pit of woes,
Ere o'er me all its terrors close !

14. God hear me in thy love supreme !
Thy mercy o'er me gently stream !
Thy sacred presence hide not, now
In trouble I beneath thee bow !
15. O hearken ! hear me ! to my soul
Draw nigh, to save and make it whole !
Thy gracious cares, my God, employ
To give that quiet foes destroy !
16. The shame reproof dishonour mine,
Thine omnipresent sight divine,
Beholdeth ever, and in view
Hath all my adversaries too !
17. Thine own rebuke hath broken my heart,
My members with thy terrors smart ;
From man I vainly pity sought,
But none hath consolation brought !
18. For food they offer'd gall, and gave
Me vinegar when near the grave ;
But at the table they prepared
To snare me, shall themselves be snared !

19. And *that* whence riches should ensue,
Such heartless sinners shall undo :
Lord they shall know the want of sight,
And thou wilt sink them by thy might !
20. Pouring out indignation dread,
Wilt o'er them thy displeasure shed ;
God thou wilt make their dwellings void,
Themselves from ev'ry tent destroy'd !
21. For him they persecute, whom thou
Hast smitten, Lord, and made to bow ;
My wounds they seek to aggravate,
And add to my afflictions weight !
22. From sin to sin, Lord they will fall
Till lost beyond redemption's call ;
And from the book of life expunged,
In deeper misery still be plunged !
23. For *me*, though bending poor and sad,
The Lord shall raise me brightly glad ;
And I in song will praise his name ;
His holy love with thanks proclaim !

24. From God, an adoration pure
Like this, shall heavenly smiles secure ;
Though offer'd bullocks shall in vain
Be on his holy altar slain !
25. Such thoughts the holy heart rejoice ;
Live then, and be the Lord thy choice !
He hears the poor, the prisoner's cries
His mercy never can despise !
26. Thou starry firmament adore !
To God, thou earth, thanksgivings pour !
Unfathom'd ocean, yield thy praise,
With all that vital makes thy maze !
27. Salvation's God shall Sion cheer,
And build the cities of Judea ;
That men may gain true Palestine,
Possessing it by grant divine !
28. Nor shall the present holy race,
Alone enjoy the sacred place ;
A long posterity of bless'd,
Shall share its saint-like heavenly rest !

LXX.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. **HASTE** thee, O Lord, to deliver me haste !
Be the soul's foes in thy mercy disgraced !
Be they' o'erpowered who my overthrow seek,
Who in my spirit their vengeance would wreak.
Come their reward, they God as they strive !
Would from that spirit tranquillity drive !

2. Joy like thine own, through real piety blaze !
Those thy salvation delights warm to praise !
But for myself, I am needy and sad,
Haste then, Jehovah, oh make my heart glad !
Helper I none can rely on but thee,
Come Lord, redeem, and from sin set me free !

LXXI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. GOD ! in thee my hopes I place :
Let not shame o'ercloud my face,
Let me in thy goodness flee
All the ills that threaten me ;
Turn thine ear to all my prayers,
Save me by thine holy cares !

2. Be my habitation sure,
That shall ever peace secure !
God my Rock and Fortress, I
On thy promised aid rely ;
Take me O Almighty then,
Far from guilty cruel men !

3. All my thoughts to thee aspire,
Object sole of my desire !
From my earliest years, I laid
Trust alone on thee for aid !
Thou my Guardian throughout life,
Brought'st me to this world of strife !
4. I will praise thy holy name,
Year by year employ'd the same ;
Though the world a monster deems
Him who thy adorer seems,
Heedless, may I all day long,
Swell the notes of holy song !
5. Cast me not away in age,
Now my sufferings death presage ;
Now detraction would endeavour
All my hopes in thee to sever ;
While in secret thus debate,
Those who for my soul lay wait .
6. “ He hath lost his only friend !
“ Him will God no more defend !

“ Let us persecute and take
 “ Him whom all his hopes forsake !”—
 But Eternal, prove I share,
 By thy presence, still thy care !

7. Perish'd and to shame resign'd,
 Be *he* who o'erpow'rs my mind!
 Cover with the sinner's blush,
 All who would my spirit crush—
 And I will in patience stay
 Praising thee, though far away !

8. Ev'ry moment more and more,
 God, my lips shall thee adore !
 From thee truth and love-redeeming
 Boundlessly for ever beaming !
 Thus inflamed, I will confess
 Homage to thy holiness !

9. From my earliest youth up, thou
 Lord hast nurtured me till now ;
 I will of thy wonders speak,
 Though from years, grey-headed, weak !

Leave me not, that while below
I the world thy power may shew!

10. Let me here on earth still dwell,
Sovereign Lord, that I may tell
Those unborn to reverence
Thine unseen Omnipotence!
Who is like thee? high thou art;
Nature's works thy love impart!
11. Oh what trouble! oh what woe,
Thou hast made me undergo!
Yet it was thy holy will
I should share thy favour still!
Sacred love my dwelling found,
Though abyss'd in depths profound!
12. Thou to fame hast been my guide,
Shedding bliss on every side;
Therefore pouring forth my lays,
I thy Deity will praise!
Joining music to my voice,
I will make the harp rejoice!

13. Willingly dread Holy One,
From my lips the praise shall run!
Song! my raptured soul inflame,
All my foes are brought to shame!
Sun may sink, night's gems appear,
Minstrel hymns thou still shalt hear!

LXXII.

A PSALM FOR THE SON OF DAVID.

1. GIVE to thy monarch thy judgments, Supreme,
O'er the king's son all thy holiness beam !
Then shall the feeble have justice ; the poor,
Wrongs and oppression no more shall endure !
2. Peace shall upon ev'ry mountain reside ;
Guardian of virtue each hill shall preside ;
Simple or wise shall partake the same care ;
Poverty's offspring no more shall despair !
3. Wickedness then shall receive its reward ;
Vice shall remain by his presence o'erawed,
Long as the sun and the moon shall unite
Through generations subservient to light !

4. Mildly as showers shall be thy descent,
Showers o'er fleeces and earth lightly sent ;
Virtue shall flourish as long as thy reign,
Peace while the moon shall in heaven remain !
5. Wide the anointed's dominion shall be,
Joining the main to the opposite sea ;
Farther than oceans its limits shall reach,
Stretching more distant than earth's farthest beach !
6. They who the wilderness people, shall kneel,
Worshipping, while dread his enemies feel :
Sov'reigns of Araby, each Saban king,
Each islet monarch, rich presents shall bring !
7. All that sway earth shall before him fall lowly ;
Homage each nation shall pay to *that Holy* ;
He will deliver the needy ; will aid,
Save, and redeem, those oppressors invade !
8. Falsehood and wrong from their souls he will chase ;
Precious their blood in his sight shall become ;
Gold of Arabia to purchase his grace,
Prayer and praise daily before him shall come !

9. Mountains, though barren till then, shall with corn
 O'er the rich valleys abundantly wave,
 As Libanos nobly green forests adorn ;
 Earth then shall bear what its harvests ne'er gave !
10. Ever his name shall endure—when each race
 Lost in earth's ruin, no longer hath place—
 While to its goal of Eternity, time
 Hastens, his love shall be sung in each clime !
11. Blessed, thrice blessed, be Israel's real Lord !
 Wonders and love all his actions unfold !—
 Honour immortal ! with blessings record
 Loudly, that majesty worlds cannot hold ! }

LXXIII.

A PSALM OF ASAPH.

1. TRULY the Almighty, to Israel kindness shews,
While his love but chooses the heart that virtue
knows ;
Yet my feet were slipping, and ruin I approach'd,
Seeing earthly blessings by sinners so encroach'd!
2. Perils they have never of death, but strength
enjoy,
Free from all the evils that others' peace destroy;
This is what inflates them in cruelty and pride,
Each desire enjoying, each wish their lust hath
eyed!
3. Others too corrupting, Jehovah they blaspheme,
Cursing the cerulean, whence his mercies beam;
Through the world deceptions far spreading, they
obtain.
Proselytes to folly, whose earthly stores they gain!

4. Proudly thus discourse they, "oh how can God
perceive,
" When our course is evil? What mortal can
believe
" God beholds our actions ; or fears that the Most
High
" Crime records, while seated above the towering
sky?"
5. Such are the ungodly, who earthly riches share :—
Then I murmur'd, sighing, " unblest hath been
my care ;
" Though my heart within me I cleans'd from
every stain,
" And my hands in virtue have wash'd, I poor
remain !"
6. All day long thus punish'd, still chasten'st every
morn ;
Well nigh had I utter'd, like them, the words of
scorn :
But my patience losing, the wicked would have
thought
Worshipping their Maker, no peace-born bless-
ings brought!

7. Then I strove to fathom such mystery, but fail'd;
 Ent'ring then the temple, their end I found
 unveil'd;
 Though they seem to journey the road of life
 unvex'd,
 Though this moment happy, God casts them down
 the next!
8. Oh how soon they perish, consume, to death
 descend;
 Like a dream when waking, their splendours
 quickly end;
 God will from his city soon make them disappear—
 Though I grieved within me to view such sinners
 near!
9. I have been so foolish, of God so little knew,
 Like the beasts that perish, I seem'd to holy view:
 Yet, O Lord, I ever was safely at thy side,
 Though the fears I suffer, the hand that aids me
 hide!
10. Guided by thy counsel, to glory I shall reach!
 Whom have I in heaven, but thee, the road to
 teach?

None on earth I wish for, Eternal Lord, like thee,
 Though, from human weakness, sometimes my
 hopes all flee.

11. In each serious moment, to God my heart I turn,
 Knowing they must perish who dare his mercies
 spurn :

All who from their Maker, have gone too far astray,
 Shall at length discover, their sins to death betray !

12. Oh it is real wisdom, to hold to the Most High !
 God Almighty trusting, all evils I defy !
 With delight his praises, while sitting at thy gate,
 O blessed Sion's daughter ! my inward soul elate !

LXXIV.

A PSALM OF ASAPH.

1. O WHEREFORE God so long away ?
In grief we for thy mercy stay !
Why burns thy wrath against the sheep,
Who fainting in thy pasture weep ?
2. The congregation thou hast bought
Of old, be ever in thy thought !
Thy cares, thy mercy, still evince
To those by love redeem'd long since !
3. Bear still in mind thy chosen race,
And Sion once thy dwelling-place ;
Though all the foes, who dare profane
Thy sanctuary, death obtain !

4. They who oppose thee where we meet,
While adorations we repeat,
With blasphemy insult our praise,
And irreligion's banners raise !
5. The timber from the forest brought,
Erewhile was for the temple wrought :
The axe and hammer thus employ'd,
Now all its carvings have destroy'd !
6. With flames each holy place they burn,
The dwellings of thy name o'erturn ;
And " let us," in their pride they said,
" All persecute who God's wrath dread !"
7. And thus, O Lord, they have consumed
Each mansion piety illumed ;
Nor signs nor prophets now remain
To cheer away with hope our pain !
8. How long ? for ever, Lord, shall foes
Disgrace, blaspheme, and thee oppose ?
Shall infidelity defame
By curses, evermore, thy name ?

9. O wherefore is thine hand withheld,
While none who dare thee are repell'd ?
Thy right-hand, though the foe defies,
At rest upon thy bosom lies !
10. The Lord hath ever been my king ;
From him all earthly blessings spring ;
His pow'r the waves in sunder tore,
And led us to salvation's shore !
11. Where mighty torrents foaming meet
Thine arms the dragon, Lord, defeat :
Leviathan thou hast subdued,
And made the desert-tenants' food !
12. At thy command, new fountains shed
Their waters o'er the rocky bed ;
The oceans too were dried that heard
The sovereign dictates of thy word !
13. Thine is the day, the solemn night,
Thy sacred work, the sun, the light :
By thee earth's boundaries were laid,
The summer and the winter made !

14. Remember, oh my God, how oft
The wicked have at virtue scoff'd ;
How folly hath presumed, nor fear'd
To blaspheme, Lord, thy name rever'd !
15. Let not the sinful tribe control
Thy trembling dove's unspotted soul :
O never, Lord, forget the poor
Who worship with affection sure !
16. Thy covenant still keep in sight,
For shades of darkness earth benight ;
Abodes of cruelty, invade
Each spot that truth its dwelling made !
17. Let not the sinful-minded, be
Ashamed and unsustain'd by thee ;
Let even poverty proclaim,
With heart-felt joy thy sacred name !
18. Arise ! thy cause maintain, Supreme !
Thee folly dares each day blaspheme ;
Forget not the unholy's voice,
In vice such more and more rejoice !

LXXV.

A SONG OF ASAPH.

1. To thee, O Lord, our thanks we yield,
 To thee our praise afford ;
By all creation is reveal'd,
 Though mute, thy name adored !
2. O listen ! thus Jehovah said :
 “ I will decide by right,
 “ When congregated souls are led
 “ For judgment to my sight !
3. “ The fabric of the world is frail,
 “ Frail all that on it live ;
 “ My hand withdrawn, its base would fail,
 “ Its pillars soon misgive !

4. " To folly thus I said : *restrain*
 " *The madness ye display :*
 " And thus I caution'd the profane,
 " *Cast all your pride away !*"

5. Promotion comes not from the west,
 The south, or from the east ;
 No, God is judge ; when he thinks best
 The greatest are made least !

6. The hand of the Almighty, bears
 A cup of crimson wine ;
 And while its *pure* stream virtue shares,
 Its dregs, O vice, are thine !

7. Of Jacob's God I will discourse,
 The Lord for ever praise ;
 Endeavour to stop Sin's dark course,
 And sinking virtue raise !

LXXVI.

A SONG OF ASAPH.

1. IN Judah the Eternal God is known ;
O'er Palestine his awful name presides ;
At Salem's tabernacle is his throne ;
At Sion heaven's God with man resides !
Nor arrow, bow, nor shield, nor sword, abides
His power, who in the battle conquers all !—
Thy glory, Lord, the hill of prey derides !
Robbers, amid their pride, before thee fall,
Thrown into slumbers death-like, whence none hear
recall !
2. The chariot and the steed were cast away
At thy rebuke, Jacob's Almighty Lord !
Fearful thou art ! in anger, who can stay
In thy celestial presence still unawed ?

From heaven, thy judgments were dispersed
 abroad ;
 Earth trembled and was silent, ev'ry word,
 To crime was the unchangeable record
 Of punishment deserved, but meekness heard
 Unfearingly the dreadful sentence vice incurr'd !

3. Man's fierceness, Lord ! shall be to praises turn'd :
 Thou wilt rebuke the fury of the vain !
 O ye, who have within the temple learn'd
 How mortals can the joys of heav'n attain,
 Swear to the Lord, nor dare the oath profane !
 To him who should be worshipp'd, presents bring,
 He can the princely spirit ev'n restrain !
 Amid his splendours, every earthly king
 Learns that his pow'r must from a greater monarch
 spring !

LXXVII. .

A PSALM OF ASAPH.

1. To God I once appeated,
To him my woes reveal'd,
And he then hearken'd to me :
• In former griefs I pray'd
To him in heaven for aid,
While pains acute ran through me,
And all night long in woes,
My soul refused repose.
2. Now heaviness I feel
To God my thoughts shall steal ;
My heart depress'd by anguish,
Of ev'ry secret pain
With sorrow shall complain—
But sleeplessly I languish ;
I am too weak to pray,
And thou driv'st sleep away.

3. I ponder on times fled ;
 I think of years now sped,
 My minstrelsy recalling ;
 When shades of darkness reign,
 I think and think again,
 In deeper glooms still falling.
 Will God no more appear—
 No more my spirit cheer ?

4. Oh ! is the stream divine
 Of mercy, no more mine ?
 Is every promise broken ?
 Does God forget to bless ?
 My soul such thoughts repress ;
 Self-weakness they betoken :
 Then think on ev'ry year
 When God's right-hand was near

5. Recalling mercies shewn
 In ages long since flown—
 Eternal, when reviewing
 The wonders thou hast made,
 And ev'ry trace betray'd
 Of thee, in thought pursuing,

I cannot but believe
Men still thy cares receive !

6. Thy steps, where'er they tread,
Pure holiness, Lord, shed!
What deity pretended,
Can like the God we serve,
Religion's rites deserve ?
The people he defended,
Who miracles have view'd,
No idols can delude !
7. Thou, Lord, our foes hast brav'd,
The race of Jacob sav'd,
The sons of Joseph righted !
When, God, thy face appear'd,
The waters saw and fear'd,
Their billows were affrighted :
While clouds their fountains shed
Amid thy thunders dread !

8. As peal on peal still rent
The echoing firmament,
Thine arrows were directed !

And as the thunders crash'd,
The vivid lightnings flash'd
In sweeping blaze reflected,
O'er earth, that shrank dismay'd
From where its base was laid!

9. Through torrents is thy way,
Thy paths through oceans stray,
Thy steps are past discerning!
But when by Moses led,
And Aaron at their head,
Thy people were returning,
A guardian shepherd's aid
Was seen by thee display'd!

LXXVIII.

1. HEAR my law, my people hear!
To each mystic word give ear!
Parable shall nerve my tongue,
Such as ancient prophets sung;
Words we from our sires receive,
Truths we know and can believe!
2. We should to our sons unfold
What to us our fathers told;
Ages yet to come, should know
What we to Jehovah owe—
What the mighty works were, done
By the heavenly Holy One!
3. Covenant and laws divine,
Judah, God himself made thine;
Bidding, all thou should'st obtain,
Thou should'st teach thy sons again,—
That while generations pass'd
Judah's laws might perfect last!

4. To the end thy children laid
All their trust on God for aid ;
Nor forgot by lapse of time,
The Eternal's works sublime ;
Breaking not the statutes he,
Even Israel, gave to thee !
5. Nor like thy forefathers shew'd
Ill was gift divine, bestow'd
On a faithless stubborn race,
Who the heart's regards misplace,
And whose souls away are rent
From the bless'd Omnipotent !
6. As the Ephraimites with dread
In the day of battle fled,
While they martial armour wore,
While the bow of war they bore,
So *they* fled the league of God,
Nor within his statutes trod !
7. They his deeds remember'd not
All the wonders, they forgot,

Which in Egypt were reveal'd
 To our sires in Zoan's field ;
 That he guided Israel through
 Briny mountains cleft in two !

8. Though he with a cloud, by day,
 Traced his favour'd people's way ;
 And when darkness hid the road,
 Through the trackless desert shew'd
 By a flame's bright burning sign,
 Still the way to Palestine !

9. That his people there might drink
 As upon the river's brink,
 He amid the wilds made start
 Fountains from the rock's pierced heart,
 Streamlets with the torrent's rush
 From the stony rock made gush !

10. Though for this they sinn'd the more,
 And to God fresh hatred bore ;
 The Most High, their heavenly guide,
 Through the wilderness defied ;

Tempting God, their hearts desired
Food by lust alone required!

11. Thus they God Almighty dared :
 " Will a table be prepared
 " By him in these plains of woe ?
 " True he made the rock to flow,
 " Can he also give us bread ;
 " Shall we of his meat be fed ?"

12. God at this with anger burn'd,
 And his rage on Jacob turn'd ;
 Heavily on Israel
 The divine displeasure fell ;
 For their unbelief betray'd
 Ev'ry trust of holy aid !

13. Rolling clouds he upward blew ;
 Heav'n's seal'd portals open threw ;
 Raining down from heaven food,
 Manna he before them strew'd :
 Man partook of angels' fare
 Scatter'd plenteously there !

14. God the east-wind made below
Heaven's vaulted concave blow;
In with rage the south-west brought
By his power, the desert sought:
Flesh as thick as dust then rain'd,
Feather'd fowls like sand remain'd!
15. Round their tents, where'er they dwelt,
The celestial food was dealt;
So they ate, were satisfied,
For he with their lust complied;
But while yet their mouths were fill'd,
God their wealthiest, loftiest, kill'd!
16. Notwithstanding this, they more
God offended than before;
Him the author disbelieved
Of the blessings they received:
Thus their days all vain he made,
All their years in trouble fade!
17. When he slew them, they again
Sought his friendship to obtain;

Turning, blushing for their crimes,
 God they call'd upon betimes ;
 And remember'd, oh how frail,
Man were, should redemption fail !

18. Yet their lips but flatter'd ; they
 Promised him with hearts astray,
 Neither kept they with pure love
 To the league with heaven above :
 Still his mercy from the grave
 Bore them, and their sins forgave !

19. He his rage oft turn'd away,
 Gave not to his wrath full sway—
 Knowing they were flesh, soon pass'd,
 Dying like the airy blast :
 Yet his love so oft display'd,
 Was but with fresh sins repaid !

20. Though in wilds so oft relieved,
 God they still provoked and grieved ;
 Nor to tempt and anger fear'd,
 Him in Israel revered ;
 Mindful not of that great day,
 When he cast their foes away !

21. Thinking not of each great deed
Done when God from Egypt freed
Favour'd Israel, and reveal'd
Miracles in Zoan's field;
When the clear and streaming flood,
Angrily he changed to blood!
22. When he flies among them sent;
Frogs their bondage to resent;
All the fruits the season view'd
Made the caterpillar's food,
To the locust gave for spoil
All the proud Egyptians' toil!
23. From the heavens sending hail,
Made the promised vintage fail;
While the mulberry was lost,
Cut off by untimely frost;
Hailstones smote their herds; each flock
Felt the thunder-bolt's rude shock!
24. Thinking not how once were sped
Over Israel, troubles dread;
How his indignation went
With the evil angels sent,

When his furious rage the Lord
Suffer'd to escape abroad !

25. Sparing not their souls from death,
Pestilence absorb'd their breath ;
All the first-born of the land,
Smote with his avenging hand ;
All that dwelt in Ham with might,
Cut off on that awful night !

26. And that while their foes the deep
Overwhelm'd, God led like sheep
Through the wilderness the race
That enjoy'd his holy grace,
Till to sanctuary brought
On the mount his right-hand bought !

27. Casting out each infidel ;
That his chosen race might dwell,
Given to each tribe a share
Of the land he conquer'd there ;
Israelitish camp and tent
Spreading o'er its whole extent !

28. Still they tempted the Most High
By their gross impiety ;
Like their sires his patience tried,
Starting as a bow aside ;
Knelt before hill-altars, pray'd
To the idols folly made !
29. God with anger Israel view'd ;
And their sins with wrath pursued ;
Silo's tabernacle left
Of his face divine bereft ;
Far removed that tent away
Where he wont with man to stay !
30. Captive in a foreign land
Threw them ; into the rude hand
Of their foes their beauty cast ;
To the bloody falchion pass'd
All he favour'd once ; no more
Cherishing the love he bore !
31. Fire consumed their youths, each maid
Was unwedded left to fade ;

With the people were destroy'd
 Those too round the ark employ'd ;
 Nor was widow left to mourn ;
 All to sorrow's region borne !

32. So as from profound repose
 Waking, the Eternal rose :
 As in giant flush'd with wine,
 Kindled the revenge divine :
 Smiting in the rear each foe,
 All he gave to lasting woe !

33. God, as with disdain he burn'd,
 Joseph's tabernacle spurn'd ;
 Ephraim heard his scornful voice,
 Whilst of Judah he made choice—
 Sion's mountain, where his love
 Oft was stream'd from heav'n above !

34. There to be of mortals praised,
 God on high his temple raised ;
 Deeply its foundations cast,
 Undecay'd as earth to last ;
 Then from sheep-folds, David he
 Took to serve his ministry.

35. As the teeming ewes he led,
God that Jacob might be fed,
Set his servant to preside
Throughout Israel king and guide :
So with true and faithful heart,
Wisely he perform'd his part !

LXXIX.

ATTRIBUTED TO ASAPH.

1. THE heathen, O my God ! invade
Thine heritage ; their nations stain,
While Salem is in ruins laid,
Thy sanctified thy chosen fane :
The bodies of thy servants slain,
Now all thy love hath ceased,
Prey for the fowls of heav'n remain ;
The hunger of each desert beast,
Thy saints in death unburied, feast !
2. As water round Jerusalem,
Streaming, their crimson blood is shed ;
And none is left to bury them !—
For former honour, we instead
Receive but taunts ; yet sovereign dread !

How long will thus thine anger burn ?
 For ever will thy rage be fed
 By our transgressions ? rather turn
 Thine hand on those who all religion spurn !

3. The realms that never sought thy grace
 Oh chasten ; for they have o'erthrown
 Thy Jacob, and his dwelling-place
 Laid waste ; and while our hearts atone,
 O'er former sins a veil be thrown :
 Oh haste, thy mercy pure display !
 Immortal Lord, our help alone,
 In misery extreme we pray !
 Oh for thy name-sake wipe our sins away !

4. And why should infidelity
 Ask " where is now the God they serve ?"
 Receive the taintless blood, on high,
 Of those who fear from thee to swerve :
 O let the vengeance they deserve,
 Be manifested in our sight :
 Hear the sad prisoner's sighs ; preserve
 Lord by the greatness of thy might,
 Those destined to the glooms of death's long night !

5. For the discourse of blasphemy,
Our impious neighbours dare to hold,
Eternal Father! against thee :
Requite their bosoms seven-fold !
So we by thy bless'd care controll'd,
Thy sheep in heavenly pastures fed,
Shall while we trust thy guardian fold
Still praise thee when long years are fled,
Our sons adore thee still when we are dead !

LXXX.

A PSALM OF ASAPH.

1. HEAR O thou Shepherd of Israel, hear !
Thou who led'st Joseph with pastoral love !
Holy eternal ! Jehovah ! appear—
God whose throne seraphim bear far abo
2. Lift up thy strength, and in Ephraim's sight,
Shew to Manasses, to Benjamin prove,
Thou art our helper ; reflect the pure light
Lord from thy face, for its beams woe remove !
3. Lord God of armies ! how long will thy rage
Be upon those who in prayer ask relief ?
Tears of affliction our hunger assuage,
Tears we drink deep from the chalice of grief !

4. And by thy trials to shame we are cast ;
 Neighbours and foes alike taunt our distress ;
 Yet God of hosts ! turn thy visage at last,
 And by its splendours our sorrows repress !

5. Lord ! thou a vine hast from Egypt placed where
 Dwelt once the heathen, cast out in their pride ;
 Planted by thee it took root, and thy care
 Over the land spread its foliage wide !

6. Cov'ring the hills it extended its shade,
 Spreading its boughs like the fair cedar tree,
 Far as the river its verdure convey'd,
 Shot out its branches as far as the sea !

7. Wherefore her park hast thou broken away ?
 They who pass by, rudely pluck off her fruit ;
 Beasts of the field on her foliage prey,
 Forest wild-boars now her firm stem uproot !

8. Turn thee again, thou Almighty of hosts !
 Look down from heav'n, revisit thy vine !
 Turn to the vineyard which *thy* planting boasts ;
 Survey the branch thy care rear'd to be thine !

9. Lord, 'tis consumed ! 'tis cut down ! so the base,
 Shall with one look of thy countenance fade !
Yet on the man of thy right-hand, Lord, place
 Essence benign, and the son of man aid !
10. So shall we never recede from thy way,
 Let us still live then to dwell on thy praise ;
Turn God of armies, the splendours display
 Bright from thy face, and our spirits upraise !

LXXXI.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY ASAPH IN
ORDER TO BE SUNG AT THE FEAST OF TABER-
NACLES AND OF TRUMPETS.

1. SING we to the Lord our might !
Merrily his praise recite !
Take the Psalm, the tabret bring,
While to lute and harp we sing !
2. With the trump the feast-day cheer,
When the new moon's beams appear ;
This the God of Israel, law,
Made to be observed with awe !
3. This to Joseph he ordain'd,
Statute ne'er to be profan'd,
When Egyptian bonds he broke,
And these words, then darkness, spoke :

4. " I my raising hand bestow'd,
 " Help'd his shoulder from the load ;
 " By the potter's toil aggrieved,
 " I his fainting soul relieved !
5. " Thou in trouble ask'dst mine aid ;
 " I thy pious call obey'd,
 " From the thunders' secret place
 " Giving the response of grace !
6. " When thy countless people were
 " By the floods of Meribah,
 " There too, Israel ! thee I proved,
 " And thy guilty stains removed !
7. " Hearken to the words I tell,
 " And thy fears I will repel,
 " Whilst O blushing Israel, I
 " These my statutes testify !
8. " With thee no strange God shall be,
 " Thou shalt worship none but me ;
 " I who broke thy bondage, still
 " When in need thy mouth will fill !

9. " Yet the people of my choice,
 " Heard not, nor obey'd my voice ;
 " So I left them in disgust,
 " To their guilty thoughts and lust !
10. " That they shunn'd the paths I set,
 " That they heard not, what regret !
 " For I would have soon brought low
 " By my hand, their ev'ry foe !
11. " Whilst the scorers of the Lord,
 " Were in falsehood cast abroad,
 " They should have enjoy'd my love,
 " Evermore in realms above !
12. " Whilst my rage o'er sin should lour,
 " With the finest wheaten flour,
 " And with honey from the rock,
 " Then I would have fed my flock !"

LXXXII.

A PSALM ATTRIBUTED TO ASAPH.

1. God amid the congregation
Of the princely, King presides ;
Judging gods ; his holy station
Where the sky his glory hides !
2. Therefore, O how long, oppressors,
Evil judgment will ye give ;
Aiding riches' proud possessors,
Those who far from virtue live ?
3. Rather poverty befriending,
Take the orphan to your care ;
Those by want borne down, defending ;
Justice to the neediest share !

4. Man will never be instructed
In the ways of truth and light;
Earth by hands divine constructed,
Falters in a darksome night!
5. Gods, I said ye were, and deathless,
Children all of the Most High!
But ye shall as others breathless
Pass away, like princes die!
6. Rise, O Lord, to judgment waken,
All the world by virtue prove!
Heathens of thy light forsaken,
From their sins by favour move!

LXXXIII.

A SONG ATTRIBUTED TO ASAPH.

1. KEEP not silence, holy Lord ;
Be not still ; for lo abroad
Vice with murmuring goes :
They that hate thee, rise in pride ;
Craftily thy foes have tried
Israel to oppose !
2. Thus they said : “ come let us cast
“ Israel from its rank at last ;
“ No more honour name
“ By surrounding nations given
“ To their people, ever driven
“ From the rolls of fame !”

3. Join'd by league of sinful ties,
 They who Judah would surprise
 Threat the mighty Lord :
 Edom's tabernacles war,
 Ishmaelites dispute thy law,
 Moab fights unawed !

4. Hagar, Gebal, Ammon, wage ;
 Amaleck with warlike rage,
 Dares thy vengeance face :
 Philistines with those of Tyre,
 Assur joins with martial fire
 Those who help'd Lot's race !

5. But Almighty o'er them shed,
 As on Midian, vengeance dread,—
 As when death o'ertook
 Sisera and Jabin, slain
 Perishing at Endor's plain,
 Near to Kison's brook !

6. Make them, make their princes all
 Like proud Zeb and Oreb fall,
 And thy power know !

God immortal, cast away
 As were Zeba, Salmina,
 Every lordly foe !

7. Let them as *those* proud ones die
 Who thus durst thy power defy,
 " Be the temple ours ;
 " Let us battle, let us gain
 " Their God's mansion, to profane
 " Israel's sainted towers !"

8. But Eternal, let them feel
 Vengeance ! as a rolling wheel,
 Fate pursue them !
 Like the stubble in the blast,
 Brands amid the furnace cast—
 God subdue them !

9. Let them as the mountains burn !
 Storm and tempest o'er them turn,
 Lord, till trembling
 They with face o'erspread with shame,
 Seek with conscious fear thy name,
 Though dissembling !

10. Then confound, and more and more
Over them vexation pour,
Till they perish,
And in death Jehovah own,
Mightiest ; him whose name alone
Still we cherish !

LXXXIV.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. How amiable Lord, are thy dwellings of light !
My soul in thy courts, God of armies would rest !
My heart, my whole frame, in their joy would take
flight,
To be where the swallow hath built her a nest ;
Where the sparrow resides, by the altars that grace
My King and my Father, thine own dwelling-place !
2. Thrice happy the chosen who there with thee stay !
O bless'd is the man whose whole strength is in thee !
Who keeps in his heart thy undevious way !—
When through sorrow's valley his journeys shall be,
Its sands shall by genial showers be fed,
And pools of clear water be over it spread !

3. The good shall be strengthened, and strengthened
yet more,
Till God in bright Sion's retreat they behold ;—
Thou Lord God of Hosts ! hear, I pray, I adore ;
O hear God of Jacob the woes I unfold !
Regard from thy realms, O defender, the face
Of him chief anointed of thy beloved race !

4. One day in thy courts is replete with more joys,
Than elsewhere a thousand with buoyancy spent ;
And rather than dwell in the hurry and noise
That gladden the pleasures of sin's gayest tent ;
A door-keeper I of thy temple would be,
Though servant, Lord, oft in the presence of thee !

5. Yes, God is a light and defence to the just,
And worship and grace upon virtue bestows :
Then never, oh never, his mercy distrust ;
Its warmth for our comfort unceasingly glows !
O Lord God of armies, that man is thrice bless'd,
Of trust in thy providence firmly possess'd !

LXXXV.

(CHRISTMAS DAY.)

1. LORD ! thou art to thy nation kind ;
Thy grace hath turn'd away
The bonds to which we were resign'd,
To ev'ry grief a prey !
2. Yes ! Judah is at length made free !
Thy kindness is reveal'd ;
We owe forgiveness Lord to thee ;
Our sins thou hast conceal'd !
3. Thy dread displeasure is no more,
Thy rage is at an end ;
And though we still have sins in store,
Salvation still extend !

4. For ever could'st thou be displeased,
And frowns though just retain ?
Lord, could'st thou punish, unappeased
Through generations' chain ?
5. Lord, wilt thou turn thee, and inspire
Our souls with quickening love ?
O shew the mercy we desire,
Salvation from above !
6. Hush thee, my soul ! and I will list
What God within me speaks :
" That reign of peace shall here exist,
" The saint with ardour seeks !
7. " Redemption, holy gift, is nigh
" All who their Maker fear ;
" That glory from the realms on high
" May glad man's dwelling here !"
8. Mercy and truth on earth have met,
While virtue truth embraced ;
The seeds of truth on lands are set,
By skies of promise faced !

9. And God shall loving-kindness shew,
The fruits shall be matured ;
Before him righteousness shall go,
Through ways from vice assured !

LXXXVI.

A PRAYER OF DAVID.

1. Bow down thine ear, O Lord! for I
In poverty and misery cry;
Preserve a fond confiding soul,
That strives against sin's strong control!
2. Thy mercies o'er me gently shed
For all the vows I daily sped;
Give consolation to his mind,
Who lifts to thee a heart resign'd!
3. For thou art gracious, good, and free
To grant each meek request to thee;
Then Father, whilst to thee I kneel,
Perfect and grant my low appeal!

4. When troubles vex me, thou shalt know,
Attentive, gracious Lord, each woe ;
The heathen world may vainly bow
To idols, none can save as thou.
5. Religion's call shall be obey'd
By all the nations thou hast made ;
They, wonder-working awful Lord,
Shall spread thy glorious name abroad !
6. Teach thou the way that I should choose,
Then I that way shall never lose :
Eternal ! knit my heart to thine—
So make me fear thy name divine !
7. My soul to thee its thanks would pour,
Would praise thy name for evermore !
From hell's unfathom'd deathless fate,
Thou rais'dst me for a future state !
8. O Lord ! the proud against me rise ;
The wicked would thy friend surprise ;
But such are to thy love refin'd,
Thy patience, truth, and mercies blind !

9. O turn thee Lord, thy mercy shew,
 And let thy strength to nerve me flow !
 Thy handmaid's son, in kindness bless !
 Thine aid divine may I possess !


0. Some token of regard, Supreme,
 From worldly spite my fame redeem !
 That sinners may behold afraid,
 I owe my joy to holy aid !

†

LXXXVII.

1. BY sacred hills thy walls sustain'd,
Thy gates by love divine maintain'd,
Stronger than Jacob's dwellings claim—
O Zion, city of the Lord!
The world by thy protector awed,
Spreads far thy fame!
2. Rahab, and Babylon on thee,
Redemption's kindest thoughts shall be!
Behold ye too Philistia!
Ye Tyrians and ye Morions view
The mystic place with reverence due:
His birth was there!
3. Record shall Sion's name adorn,
Report shall say, "there was he born!"

And the Most High shall Sion grace
With years unceasing, still the same :
Himself immortal shall proclaim
His Christ's birth-place !

4. The choristers in pride of song,
While trumpeters each note prolong,
God's love to Judah shall rehearse !
What streams of mercy are in store,
What springs divine from heaven pour,
Shall swell their verse.
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LXXXVIII.

AN ANTI-SADDUCEAN HYMN.

1. God Supreme ! salvation's Lord !
Day and night my prayers record !
Let my supplications meet
Hearing, prostrate at thy feet !
2. Deep my thoughts in trouble sink ;
Life approaches hell's dark brink ;
I become, by strength's decay,
As if stretch'd in death I lay !
3. Ready to expire, my God,
I am mingling with the sod,
Like that wretch untimely borne
To the tomb, from memory torn !

4. Thou hast laid me in the pit !
Horrors darkening o'er me sit !
Thou in anger, bear'st control !
All thy storms have vex'd my soul !
5. Thou hast ev'ry friend estranged
All their love to hatred changed ;
Nor can I regain repose,
While the prison's wall inclose !
6. By the troubles that I feel,
Shades of blindness o'er me steal ;
Yet my hands I stretch to thee
Daily on the bended knee !
7. Is it—oh the thought profound !
Wonders in the grave abound ?
Is it, that the dead may rise
Praising—thus the body dies ?
8. Does thy loving-kindness flow
Still when to the grave we go ?
Deity profoundly kind !
Can we death thy blessing find ?

9. Shall thy mighty works be known,
 When death's gloom is o'er us thrown?
 Is thy righteousness display'd
 Where oblivion's realms pervade?—
10. Scarcely ere my slumbers flee,
 Daily I will call on thee—
 Though so often I have pray'd,
 That my hopes of mercy fade!
11. Why am I by thee abhorr'd?
 Why conceal thy visage Lord?
 Woe surrounds me, as if death
 Caught my heaving stifling breath!
12. Ever, from my youth, such fears
 Drew a ceaseless flood of tears!
 Every thought that should sustain,
 Every thought of thee, is pain!
13. Like the briny swelling tide
 Foes inclosed on every side;
 Yet thou banish'dst every friend,
 Nor wouldst thine assistance lend!

LXXXIX.

(CHRISTMAS DAY.)

1. MY ceaseless hymn, shall flow in praise
Of the Supreme's all-bounteous ways !
My lips shall yield such holy song,
As time itself shall still prolong !
2. Thy truth and love I said shall soar
Above the heavens for evermore !
And as enraptured thus I spoke,
The list'ning stillness God awoke :
3. " My chosen servant, I have made
" A covenant to grant thee aid :
" I swore to seat on David's throne,
" For ever, David's sons alone !"

4. O Lord, the heavens' ennobled vault
Thy works Almighty shall exalt,
And even where thy holies meet
The wonders of thy truth repeat !
5. And who amid the clouds can be
Compared with great Eternity ?
Can aught among the gods profane,
The Godhead of the Lord sustain ?
6. Jehovah should of saints be fear'd,
By those around him be revered !
For who is he that justly boasts,
The strength of thee, O God of Hosts ?
7. Thy truth on ev'ry side appears ;
The raging sea thy presence fears,
Its waves obey thy sovereign will,
A word from thee can oceans still ?
8. Thou mighty Egypt hast subdued ;
Nor could its pride defeat elude :
The arm Almighty, hath, at last,
Abroad the foes of heaven cast.

9. Thine are the heavens! and the earth
To thee, Eternal, owes its birth;
The compass of the world, and all
It bears, arose at thy great call!

10. The north and south by thee were made,
To stand till earth shall be decay'd;
Thy name with joy, from Hermon's hill
By Tabor shall be echo'd still!

11. Thine arm is mighty! nature fears
The dreadful hand its Maker rears!
Yet equity and justice grace
Thy mystic sacred dwelling-place!

12. Before thy presence truth shall go;
Wherever *thou* art mercies flow!
Bless'd are they, who Lord partake
Thy love, and thee their pleasure make!

13. The all-benignant face divine,
Shall o'er their earthly pathway shine!
Their daily joy shall be thy name,
Thy truth shall all their thoughts inflame!

14. Man's boasted strength is thine own gift,
Thy love shall Israel's horn still lift ;
For thou art our defence alone,
Our King, the God in Israel known !

15. To saints in slumber's visions, thou
Hast spoken thus, Great God, ere now :
" Of one on whom my help I laid,
" I from the people choice have made !

16. " I on my servant David's head,
" The holy oil of kings have shed :
" My hands shall guard whom thus I blest,
" My arm with conquering strength invest !

17. " Nor o'er him shall the tempter sway,
" Him shall no child of sin betray ;
" Before his face, my hand shall smite—
" Scatter the foe in holy might !

18. " My truth and mercy shall be stream'd
" From heav'n, o'er *him* I have redeem'd :
" His horn exalted in my name,
" The love I bear him shall proclaim !

19. " My David's sov'reignty, shall be
" Extended o'er the distant sea ;
" In raging floods, from Judah's land
" Shall reach afar my king's right hand !
20. " And thus with gratitude, his heart
" Its sacred feelings shall impart :
" *Thou art my Father, God benign !*
" *No help can quicken me but thine !*
21. " Such faith shall meet its just reward ;
" He shall be *First-born* of the Lord ,
" Nor shall the kings of earth transcend
" In glory, him I make my friend !
22. " Nor shall the mercy I bestow
" Upon him, ever cease to flow :
" My covenant shall be unmoved,
" When all beside is fragile proved !
23. " The throne on which his sons shall reign,
" Shall as the days of heaven remain ;
" Unless they should forsake my law,
" Nor in my judgments walk with awe !

24. " For should they dare my statutes break,
" Or my commandments dread forsake,
" Then I their failings, with the rod
" Will visit as an angry God !
25. " But though my anger they provoke,
" Yet but in part will I revoke
" The loving kindness, that I swear
" Towards them I will ever bear !
26. " My covenant shall unimpair'd,
" Remain with all my lips declared :
" Once, by my holiness I swore,
" Never should David's reign be o'er !
27. " His race through countless years shall run,
" His seat be changeless as the sun ;
" He like the moon shall be made fast,
" As heaven's recording cherub last !"
28. Yet thine anointed, anger'd Lord,
Thou hast forsaken and abhorr'd ;
Forgetting every oath that bound,
His crown hast trampled to the ground !

29. His borders thou hast overthrown,
Cast down his towers stone from stone ;
Of all that pass become the prey,
His neighbours turn with scorn away !
30. Thou hast his foes' right-hand set up
And made them taste of joy's bright cup,
His falchion blunting, thou hast ceased
Its edge with victory to feast !
31. Through thee, his glory, Lord, is pass'd,
To earth his throne in fury cast ;
His youthful days thy judgments crush,
And make him with dishonour blush !
32. How long wilt thou conceal thy face ?
Shall I for ever feel disgrace ?
God ! will thy wrath like fire consume,
Nor thou again past love resume ?
33. My time, remember, oh how short !
Can'st thou have made mankind for nought ?
What mortal living can evade
Death's stroke, nor be of hell afraid ?

34. Where is thy loving-kindness fled ?
Thine oath to David, *Sov'reign dread ?*
Although the bosom hides with care
Each taunt, remember what we bear !
35. The enemies who slander'd me,
Lord even dared to blaspheme thee !
Yet thine anointed, o'er and o'er
Shall praise thee, and for evermore !

XC.

A PRAYER OF MOSES.

(BURIAL SERVICE.)

1. THROUGH generations as they pass'd,
Thou Lord hast been man's only friend!
Ere yet the mountains were set fast,
Or formless matter worlds upcast,
Supreme thou wast, nor e'er shalt end!

2. Man feels thy wrath, again he hears
Thy voice to greater love invite;
The compass of a thousand years,
To thee as yesterday appears,
Pass'd like a watch of silent night!

3. And when thy hand is o'er us laid,
 We flee as slumbers from the eye ;
Or like the grass away we fade,
At morning green, at eve decay'd,
 Cut down untimely, sear'd and dry !
4. At thy displeasure we consume ;
 We tremble when thy wrath is sore ;
Thou know'st how often we presume,
How oft our faults demand their doom,
 Our hidden sins thy face shines o'er !
5. When thou art justly anger'd, all
 The days are gone, thy bounty gave :
Our trespasses thy love recall ;
Our years are o'er, in death we fall,
 End as a tale, and reach the grave !
6. Life's span is three-score years and ten,
 And though perchance it reach four-score,
Labour and painful sorrow then
Are the embitter'd lot, that men
 Receive to wish their trouble o'er !

7. But who thy wrath with patience bears,
 Who dreading it sees love divine ?
 O teach us Lord, in all our cares,
 Wisdom to join with earth's affairs,
 And think each day a gift of thine !

8. Turn thee again, my God, at last !
 Be to thy servants gracious still !
 With mercy pure our souls repast,
 Nor longer shall we be downcast,
 But joy through life our hearts shall fill !

9. Now thou hast vex'd us, balm infuse ;
 Give comfort for each year of woe ;
 Look kindly, nor our prayers refuse ;
 Unfold to us thy love profuse,
 Thy glory to our children shew !

1. Pour down in streams as heavenly dew,
 Thy glorious majesty, O Lord !
 Prosper each work our hands may do ;
 When fainting, still with smiles renew
 Our efforts to obtain reward !

XCI.

1. WHOE'ER confides in God, provides
Asylum when dejected ;
No more afraid, beneath the shade
His wings afford, protected !
2. I while in prayer, will thus declare
In God my firm reliance :
" On thee alone my hopes are thrown,
" I trust in thy alliance !"
3. And though be laid the ambuscade,
Though pestilence be lurking,
A Hand Supreme that can redeem,
Salvation still is working !
4. Thine only friend, God will extend
His wings divine, and cover
Thee deep conceal'd as with a shield,
That none thy place discover !

5. The fears of night, the arrow's flight ;
 By day shall not o'erpower thee ;
 The plague that strides while darkness hides,
 Or pains at noon, devour thee !

6. And while in death resign their breath
 A thousand cold beside thee,—
 From harm, his might, while at thy right
 Ten thousand fall, shall guide thee !

7. Crimes shall be view'd by death pursued !
 Though far off is thy dwelling,
 O Lord, my sighs to thee arise,—
 Hope all my fears repelling !

8. Misfortune durst not o'er thee burst,
 Nor reach thy habitation :
 Where'er thou goest, an angel-host
 Around thee God will station !

9. Their holy care, shall be to bear
 Thee in their hands, when viewing
 A stone, thy feet, too rugged, meet
 Their earthly path pursuing !

10. Thou shalt not dread to boldly tread
The adder and the lion
Beneath thy feet, but shalt defeat
The dragon, the *young* lion !
11. For thou hast known the Lord alone,
And hast deserved his blessing ;
From realms above, his sacred love
In copious streams possessing.
12. He will attend, shouldst thou e'er bend
In trouble, and will hear thee ;
From sorrowing days, to honour raise
Thee up, and kindly cheer thee !
13. And thou shalt rest of life possess'd,
Beyond all earthly measure ;
And shalt receive, no more to grieve,
Salvation's holy treasure !

XCII.

A SONG FOR THE SABBATH DAY.

1. How delightful, Eternal! to dwell on thy name!
 While adoring, what raptures the spirit inflame!
 Or at morn to discourse on thy bountiful love;
 Nor to cease when the stars twinkling shine from
 above!
 On a loud ten-string'd instrument, oh the delight,
 To the lute and the harp the full joy to recite!

2. By the infinite goodness creation displays,
 The Eternal has won my whole heart to his praise!
 Lord, beholding thy works, what a glorious view
 Bids my thoughts their profoundest researches
 pursue,—
 Though the heedless may view them again and
 again
 And yet *never* discover the love they contain.

3. O'er the sinful, when green like the grass of the
field ;

O'er the wicked, when thriving, shall wrath be re-
vealed !

Death for ever, shall be the reward they obtain,

Whilst eternally *thou* Lord of all shalt remain !

The bold mortal shall perish who makes thee his
foe,

And thy justice the workers of sin shall o'erthrow !

4. But mine horn like the unicorn's high shall
ascend,

For the streams of fresh balm to anoint me descend !

Even *were* it my wish that my foes be destroy'd,

Then my faith in God's love were not falsely em-
ploy'd !

The Almighty himself hath declared he will hear,

And avenge their complaint who his statutes
revere !

5. Like the palm, they shall thrive, who iniquity
dread ;

Like the cedars of Libanos flourishing spread !

They shall thrive in his courts and their fruitage
afford,

Who are planted where God is in spirit adored ;
And the fruits of their age shall increase with each
year,

That the *unblemish'd truth* of my God may appear !

XCIII.

1. THE Lord is monarch! and hath dress'd
Himself in glory for a vest!
Thus robed, behold in power array'd,
Him who the changeless world hath made!
2. Ere earth began, thy throne of grace
Presided o'er the boundless space!
For God! from everlasting, thou
Wert Deity Supreme, as now!
3. The floods arise, the billows cry,
The oceans lift their waves on high—
But mighty God! the roaring sea
Amid its horrors worships thee!
4. Thy testimonies, O Supreme!
With truth irrevocable beam:
The holiness of time's first dawn,
Shall evermore thy house adorn!

XCIV.

1. LORD to whom vengeance belongeth, appear !
Rise, O thou Judge of the World, to reward
Pride as it merits : how long shall we here
View the ungodly in triumph unawed ?
2. When shall the doers of evil, no more
Speak so disdainfully, cease thus to boast ?
Lord, thine own people, they deluge in gore,
Spoiling the heritage thou esteem'st most !
3. Widow and stranger they murder the same,
Nor even fatherless innocence spare :
And thus profanely aloud they proclaim—
“ God shall not see, Jacob's God what we dare !”
4. Yet O ye wicked, unlearned, take heed
Lest ye too far in iniquity go !
When will ye learn that the courses ye lead,
Obdurate fools ! bring destruction and woe ?

5. Think ye him deaf, who the ear could construct?
Sees not that God, who the human eye made?
Cannot he punish, whose truths man instruct?
He from whom nations alone receive aid!
6. Vain, Lord! thou know'st is our every thought!
Bless'd is the man who thy chastening gains:
He in thy laws by thyself strictly taught,
Still in adversity patience retains!
7. Deep in a pit of thick glooms and of woe,
Wickedness shall a fit dwelling receive!
God will not fail, though the good while below
Torn by vexation and misery grieve!
8. Judgments again shall to virtue return,
Those in heart pure shall its dictates respect!
Who will sustain me, while base worldlings spurn?
God, 'tis from thee alone aid I expect!
9. Oh if ere this thou hadst *not* been my friend,
Lord I had fail'd and my spirit had slept!
Though my foot slipp'd, and I seem'd near my end,
Mercy divine held me up as I wept!

10 Comfort from heaven embolden'd my mind,
Cast in a sorrowing drear reverie,
Whilst I oft ask'd, " can ungodliness find
Smiles from the Holy One, throned though
it be ?"

11. Though the ungodly make vice their sole law,
Innocence though they condemn and oppress,
God is my refuge ! I view not with awe,
Pride, when God's confident hope I possess !

12. God shall the recompense grant they deserve,
And in their malice the sinful o'erthrow !
He, the Almighty, the Lord whom we serve,
Will not unpunish'd let wickedness go !

XCV.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(MORNING SERVICE.)

1. THEMES divine demand our lays!
Now the Rock of Mercy praise!
Joy unbounded fill our souls,
While the holy wish controls!
2. God our strength, salvation's King,
Worship we, as awed we sing!
In his presence let us yield
Thanks from melting hearts reveal'd!
3. Sole Supreme, High King Divine,
All the gods that falsely shine
O'er the heathen world, give way
To his high almighty sway!

4. Depths unsearch'd are in his hand !
Mountains by his power stand !
Seas are His, He oceans made,
He the shores around them laid !
5. Come then, let us fall before
God our Maker, him adore !
We by him like sheep are led,
And in holy pastures fed !
6. Would ye hear his voice, to-day !
Let not sin your hearts betray,
As when in the desert wild,
The Supreme your sires reviled !
7. " Often they to anger moved,
" Tempted me, and sorely proved ;
" Though my wonders oft were shewn,
" Still could they my power disown !
8. " Forty years I grieved to see,
" Thus their fathers anger me ;
" Then I said : they err in heart,
" From my laws by choice depart !

9. " Never have they known to heed,
" Ways that should to heaven lead ;
" Therefore I in wrath protest
" Never shall they gain my rest !"

XCVI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. PRAISE unchanted, let us waken !
Sing to God, thou world entire !
Still revive, though now forsaken,
Anthems, universal quire !
2. Hymn the Deity in praises !
All his attributes adore !
God whose love the sinner raises,
Day by day exalt the more !
3. To the heathen world endeavour,
All God's honours to relate ;
All the wonders that he ever
Shews us, strive to numerate !

4. God who made the heavens' splendours,
Every god, false god, transcends !
Though their praise the *heathen* renders,
He to lifeless idols bends.
5. Glory—worship—is before him !
Power—honour—forms his throne !
Generations, oh adore him !
Worship—strength—is his alone !
6. Then fulfil each pious duty !
Presents on his altar spread !
Holiness in all its beauty,
Prompt the world to sacred dread !
7. Loudly to each heathen nation,
Judge and sov'reign, God proclaim !
Earth itself is his creation ;
Vast, through ages still the same !
8. And ye heaven-crown'd heavens glistening
With unnumber'd stars, rejoice !
That the earth and oceans listening
Awed may hear and add their voice !

9. And ye fields, the song too pouring,
Yield the gratitude ye owe !
All ye trees to heaven soaring,
Nature all, God's praise bestow !
10. For to judgment he is coming,
Virtue his unerring test !
All man's good and evil summing,
Righteousness shall then be bless'd !

1. THE Lord is King ! thou earth rejoice !
And ye uncounted isles, the voice
Of gladness echo o'er the main !
Though round him clouds and darkness meet,
Companions of his justice-seat
Virtue and judgment reign !
2. Before his presence fire shall go,
To burn on ev'ry side each foe !
His lightnings o'er the world have shone ;
And when the earth's sole Lord appear'd,
Like melting wax, the hills that rear'd
Their spires to heaven were overthrown !
3. Mankind have view'd the heavens shine
With righteous purity divine ;

4. When Sion, Lord, thy judgments heard,
When Judah's daughters caught each word
Thy holiness to earth made known,
Joy fired each soul ! for thou art high
Above all mortals, and the sky
O'er gods exalted forms thy throne !
5. O ye who love the Great Supreme
With never-failing pure esteem,
Flee ev'ry vice that may assail :
Fear not ! the God of Heav'n preserves
The saint-like soul that love deserves ;
Nor over it can hell prevail !
6. Behold that gleam of promise break
In yonder heaven, for virtue's sake !
Joy-advent shall the spirit bless !
While praising, in Jehovah feel,
Ye pious ! all the gladness steal,
In memory of his righteousness !

XCVIII.

(EVEN SONG.)

1. FRESH from the soul an anthem rise,
Worthy to reach the skies!
Oh that like God, sublime, profound,
Could be the minstrel sound!
2. The Deity's right hand hath gain'd,
His holy arm obtain'd
A victory that may not shame
His Godhead and his name!
3. The Lord, redemption hath declared
For erring man prepared!
To Gentiles too; God hath made known,
Virtues in mystery thrown!

4. To Israel's house for ever kind!
The Lord hath call'd to mind
His truth and grace ; earth's utmost bound
Hath saving mercy found !
5. To God, pure joy, ye nations shew :
Let heart-felt praises flow ;
Sing to the harp, and oh combine
Its notes with song divine !
6. With trumpets and with shawms, prolong
The cadence of the song !
And oh ! a joyful soul evince
Before your Lord and Prince !
7. Ye seas a hollow voice of praise
From sandy caverns raise !
Let all that deep in oceans live
To him their praises give !
8. Thou earth, stretch'd far, a mighty round,
Murmur a holy sound !
And all that breathe in every clime,
Pour forth a hymn sublime !

9. Ye floods that meet between the lands,
Oh clap with joy your hands !
The Lord descends ! rejoice each hill !
He justice will fulfil !

10. He comes from heavenly scenes to bless
The world with righteousness !
To execute with truth and love
His mission from above !

XCIX.

1. THE Lord reigns sole monarch, ye nations,
although

At heaven's deep myst'ry impatience ye shew!
His throne is between the bright seraphim still,
Though troubles, though murmurs the universe
fill!

At Sion, his court the Eternal maintains,
Whence o'er ev'ry people supremely he reigns!

2. Almighty! thy wonderful, holy, great name,
The praise shall receive which thy attributes
claim!—

While monarch of heaven and earth, thy delight
Has ever, Jehovah! been justice and right!
Then God, let us worthily magnify thee,
And bow at thy footstool the scarce-yielding
knee!

3. For Moses and Aaron as pastors were heard,
And Samuel his prayers with the prophets' pre-
ferr'd;
And God oft replied from the pillar of cloud
As raising their hands for the people they vow'd;
For pure were their lives, and they kept to the
law
That heaven enjoin'd, with religion and awe!
4. Eternal! yes thou by their prayers wast appeased,
Although by their wickedness justly displeased!
Lord God, holy Saviour, then let us confess,
What cause for adoring thy love we possess;
And turn to that hill where all mercy resides,
Where God with the holy, most holy, presides!

C.

(MORNING SERVICE.)

1. BE joyful in the Lord, ye lands !
Adore him, gladly yielding praise :
Before him come in holy bands
And hymns divine enraptured raise !
2. Assured the Lord is God, meet there !
Creator sole, he gave us life,
Redeem'd, and with a shepherd's care
Still leads us through a world of strife !
3. Ye mortals ! to his portals throng ;
Within his sacred mansion kneel ;
Exalt his name, and oh in song,
Pour forth the gratitude ye feel !

4. The Lord is gracious, and his love
Is not like friendship quickly o'er ;
His truth shall flourish far above,
When generations are no more !

CI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. I now of grace and judgment sing,
And, Lord, to thee the offering
I dedicate ; my future way
Resolving never more shall stray !
2. Lord, when wilt thou my wishes aid ?
When will thyself be all display'd ?
No more will I thine house desert,
No more my thoughts from thee divert !
3. Again I will not tempt my sight
With wickedness that may delight ;
My mind, is now with hatred fill'd
For arts of vice, however skill'd !

4. For ever from the froward heart,
My love, my friendship, shall depart ;
Nor will I count among my friends
The man who thee in guilt offends !
5. And him who slanders with the feint
Of seeming-friendship's false restraint,
I will cut off ; and haughtiness
My countenance shall ne'er possess !
6. But I, the faithful, virtuous few,
With constant fav'ring smiles will view ;
Such shall within my mansion rest,
Partaking all by me possess'd !
7. No offices will I receive
From those who virtuous courses leave :
They only, in my courts shall serve,
Who from integrity ne'er swerve !
8. There none who practises deceit
However great, shall find retreat :
Far distant him I will expel,
Who finds in falsehood's charms a spell !

9. Unpityingly will raise my hand,
To drive the wicked from the land ;
That sinners may no longer dwell
Within the city God loves well !

CII.

(PENITENTIAL.)

1. MY ardent prayers, Eternal, hear,
Almighty, only friend !
To thee while gushes sorrow's tear,
O let my cries ascend !

2. Conceal not, Being kind, thy face
Amid the griefs I feel !
O list as to thy dwelling-place
My supplications steal !

3. My life as vapor fades away,
My bones with inward pains,
Consuming like a brand, each day
Embitter that remains !

4. Like wither'd flowers, my heart despaired
 Within this bosom dies ;
That when the banquet is prepared,
 My food untasted lies !
5. So often I in misery groan,
 My griefs so deeply prey,
My very flesh from off each bone
 Seems ready to decay !
6. Oh I am like a pelican,
 In wretchedness of heart ;
Or owl, retreated far from man,
 In desert wilds apart !
7. And I have watched in tortures thrown,
 Without a thought to glad,
As on the house-top sits alone
 The sparrow mute and sad !
8. My foes revile me all day long,
 And with infuriate rage,
Swear, as around they madly throng,
 Their hatred to assuage !

9. On ashes, woe-begone, I fed ;
 They form'd my sad repast :
And in my drink, the tears I shed
 Were steep'd, while flowing fast !
10. And God my sufferings come from thee,
 From wrath divine they flow,
For once thy hand exalted me,
 But now hath cast me low !
11. My days are like a shadow vain,
 I wither as the grass ;
Yet liv'st thou God ! shalt ever reign,
 Through time thy name shall pass !
12. Thou God shall yet arise and show'r
 O'er Sion former love ;
The time approaches, comes the hour
 Of smiles from heav'n above !
13. Thy servants then no more shall view
 Her stones to ruin fall,
Nor shall her fate their grief renew,
 Her dust sad thoughts recall !

14. With dread the infidel shall hear
Thy name, Almighty, told ;
Each potentate shall view with fear,
Thy majesty unfold—
15. When Lord ! the prayer of humble need
A hearing shall procure,
And love compassionate shall heed
The wishes of the poor !
16. This song to after-times shall reach ;
To those of future days,
Its fervent piety shall teach
The sweets of holy praise !
17. For from his sanctuary, earth
Jehovah hath beheld ;
Received the sighs of captive worth,
And death's approach repell'd :
18. In glory all-refulgent came
The Lord, that Sion might,
Profoundly awed repeat his name,
And Salem vows recite :

19. He came in all his splendours clad,
That worldlings might confess
His presence can the holy glad,
And pious nations bless !
20. Amid life's journey, God my strength
Enfeebled and brought low,
My days diminish'd of their length,
And fill'd their span with woe—
21. But everlasting God ! I cried,
Whose *own* years ne'er decay ;
While glowing with youth's morning pride,
Oh snatch me not away !
22. Though vain the world's tumultuous scene,
By thee the earth was made ;
Thy work is in the heavens seen
By ev'ry star display'd !
23. And yet I tremble, when I think
That heav'n and earth shall end ;
Shall perish, to oblivion sink,
And as a vestment rend :

24. To prove immortal, thee and all
 Who thy command obey;
 That they who hear religion's call,
 Survive though worlds decay!

CIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. BLESS thou my spirit! the Supreme:
Exalt his name my vital breath;
'Tis holy!—be the Lord my theme!
Think on his love, whose cares redeem
From sickness vice and death!
2. With loving-kindness, virtue pure,
He crowns thee; nor forgets to add,
Those sweets, that while life's cares endure,
Some comfort in a state procure
Else bitter dark and sad!
3. An eaglet's youthful strength, God makes
Rebound within thy tottering frame;
And each oppress'd with wrong, partakes
That justice strict, which ne'er forsakes
Virtue's superior claim!

4. To Moses, God of old made known
 His undiscover'd ways of grace :
 The Israelites his works were shewn ;
 Nor shares Judea the gift alone—
 All in his love find place!

5. Long-suffering, compassionate,
 God will not man for ever chide ;
 Though judgment should our crimes await,
 All his revenge and wrath abate,
 By mercy turn'd aside !

6. Behold, how far the skies o'erhead
 In distance from this earth extend !
 To those who God's displeasure dread,
 So far his thoughts of mercy spread,
 Forgive and still befriend !

7. And mark from East to West the space,
 So far the Lord our sin removes ;
 And like a father's love, his grace
 With kindness to our fallen race
 More pities than reproves.—

8. For well he knows we are but clay ;
 That fragile are our days like grass ;
And as a flower fast swept away
By winds to premature decay,
 From life to death we pass !
9. Yet not so short-lived, the divine,
 The holy goodness from above !
No godliness ! 'tis ever thine ;
And o'er thy children's sons shall shine
 God's endless righteous love !
10. Ye who God's ordinances keep,
 And his commandments bear in mind
In ev'ry thought conceal'd and deep—
Know, God can o'er your failings weep,
 Can pity and be kind !
11. That God beneficent, his seat
 Hath raised in heaven ; and thence his sway
O'er all extends ! fall at his feet
Ye mighty thrones ! His praise repeat,
 Ye who his will obey !

12. Celestial hosts! ye whose delight
 Is ever to obey his voice!
 Creation all! in praise unite :
 And thou, my soul, enwrapt take flight,
 And gratefully rejoice!

CIV.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(WHITSUNDAY.)

1. ENRAPTURED with thy Maker's praise
My soul each thought to heaven raise !
To thee, Almighty, let me bend !
How far thy glories all transcend !
2. With glory, loveliness divine,
Thy robes celestial Father shine !
And like a vest, pure light arrays
Thy Deity's supernal blaze !
3. Thou like a curtain spread'st the sky :
Thy chambers on the waters lie :
Their beams amid the oceans stand,
Erected by thy lordly hand !

4. The clouds for thee a chariot form ;
Thou stridest on the winged storm ;
The seraph spirits wait on thee,
Bright flames upon thy missions flee !
5. Upon its base by thee was laid
Earth's pond'rous mass still undecay'd !
Thou like a garment, spread'st around
The deeps, o'er all created ground !
6. The floods o'er-topp'd each mountain-head,
But God at thy rebuke they fled ;
Their torrents sank, while echoing o'er
Their bosom rose thy thunders' roar !
7. In streamlets from the mountain's side,
Deep in the vales their stores they hide,
Where thou hast from revolt, ordain'd
Their secret springs to be restrain'd :
8. Forbidden from their bonds to go,
No more can they the world o'erflow ;
Between the mountain-steeps confined,
As rivers now they ever wind.

9. The cattle now their waters drink,
Wild asses seek athirst their brink,
And choral birds with hymns shall spell
The forest-shades that o'er them dwell !
10. The chambers of the azure sky,
The hills with fruitful rains supply :
All nature, oh Almighty, glows
With what thy bounteous hand bestows !
11. For beasts, the fields with grass are spread,
Or yield man's ever-strength'ning bread ;
Nor fails the gladdening store of wine,
With olive-balm man's brows still shine !
12. Thy cedar-trees, O Lord ! are fill'd
With sap from Lebanon distill'd :
The fowls among the foliage nest,
The storks amid the fir-trees rest !
13. The hills whose tops in mid-air float,
A refuge yield the savage goat ;
The conies to the stony rock
For unmolested dwelling flock.

14. To mark the seasons ; God hath made
The moon to glow and sink in shade ;
By his appointment too, the sun
Knows when his daily course is run :
15. Then darkness reigns—each forest beast
Is by concealing gloom released ;
Then roaring lions seek for prey
Of God, as through the wilds they stray :
16. The sun arises—far from men
They seek again the gloomy den ;
While to accustom'd travail goes
The labourer, till day-light's close.
17. O Lord ! how manifold, how wise,
Are all thy works, deep mysteries !
Thy riches ev'ry where are found,
Through earth, through mighty seas, abound !
18. Thou ocean ! thou unfathom'd main,
What do thy secret depths contain !
What tribes in thine abyss reside,
What monsters there conceal'd abide !

19. There go the ships ; and vaster still,
Leviathan there sports at will ;
And Lord each tenant of the sea
Or land, for food relies on thee !
20. And while thy hand bestows, they live
Enjoying all thy bounties give ;
But God ! when thou withdraw'st their breath,
And hid'st thy face, they sink in death !
21. For thine immortal spirit glows
Where'er the vital life-blood flows,
And undecaying earth is view'd,
By thee for evermore renew'd !
22. God's glorious majesty shall last
When worlds and time itself are past ;
His sacred joy shall be elate,
In all he ever shall create !
23. If he but turn a look below,
Earth trembling dreads its overthrow !
If but his touch the mountains feel,
In smoke their summits they conceal !

24. Deep in my heart, a holy strife
 Of praise, shall kindle throughout life :
 My being, all impress'd with joy,
 Adoring God I will employ !
25. The sinful, the ungodly race,
 Shall meet ere long deserved disgrace !
 Then O my soul, thy God adore !
 Thy praise, lest death surprise, still pour !

CV.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(1 CHRONICLES XVI.)

1. COMMENCE the hymn ! to God, aspire
The minstrel notes, the holy quire !
The wonders of a Saviour's name,
A creature's warmest praises claim :
Repeat to nations far abroad,
Repeat the mercies of the Lord !

2. To him pour forth your sacred lays,
In ev'ry speech repeat his praise !
To joy, his name awake each voice ;
His worship pure, each heart rejoice ;
Oh seek the Lord, oh seek his pow'r—
Oh seek his face at every hour !

3. Ye seed of Abraham, bear in mind—
 Ye Jacob's sons, his actions kind :
 His miracles remember yet,
 His gracious wonders ne'er forget
 The judgments of his mouth preserve
 Thence chosen, never never sever
4. He is the Lord our God alone :
 His judgments throughout earth are known
 His covenant he ne'er forsook
 He never broke the oath he took
 A thousand generations still
 Shall find he will his word fulfil
5. That code to Abraham reveal'd
 By oath divine with Isaac seal'd
 To Jacob as a law made sure,
 In Israel ever to endure :
 Whereby alone, ye know the laws
 Of Canaan, at Jehovah's laws
6. What time ye wander'd without law
 And few, each nation saw ye pass

Yet were by the Most High sustain'd ;
 Whose words thus even kings restrain'd :
 " Touch my anointed not, nor rear
 " Thy hand against one holy seer !"

7. Moreover the Eternal made
 Throughout the land a dearth pervade,
 Till all the store of corn was spent ;
 But he before had Joseph sent,
 Who in their envy sold, was thrown
 A bondsman in a land unknown.

8. His feet were fetter'd, bruised, confined,
 The chilly iron pierced his mind ;
 Till by the word of heaven proved
 In pity God his bonds removed ;
 And Pharaoh gave consent, that he
 Should from his prison be set free.

9. And prince the monarch made him o'er
 His house, and ruler of his store ;
 To give to Egypt's nobles laws,
 And wisdom teach his senators :

Then Jacob into Egypt came,
And foreigner in Ham became.

10. There God increased his chosen race,
Till boldly they could Egypt face,
Who at their greatness, envy felt,
Enslaved them, and with treachery dealt :
And Moses, God, with Aaron sent,
To free them and their ills resent.
11. And these in Ham display'd abroad
The signs and wonders of the Lord.
He darkness sent,—they disobey'd ;
Nor were their stubborn hearts afraid,
When he with blood their rivers fill'd,
And all their finny tenants kill'd !
12. Afflicting then with plagues more dread,
Their land with frogs the Lord o'erspread,
Till ev'n their noxious tribe o'erflow'd
The chambers of the king's abode :
Nor stopp'd he there,—he spoke the word,
And swarms of flies the summons heard !

13. For rain, God hail-stones o'er them shower'd;
Bright flames of fire their land devour'd;
He smote their vines, their fig-trees fell,
O'ercome by the avenging spell:
Through all their coasts the storm-blasts seize
Egypt's aspiring forest-trees!
14. Omnipotence in wrath still spoke—
New plagues o'er Pharaoh's kingdom broke;
Locusts and caterpillars, rose
Upon the winds to be their foes,
And they their reptile hunger cloy'd!
On grass and fruits yet undestroy'd!
15. And on that night when, Israel, he
With their oppressors' spoils set free,
The first-born mightiest of the land,
God smote with his appalling hand;
That Egypt joy'd that they had left,
Of gold and silver though bereft!
16. He spread a cloud to aid their flight,
A fiery flame display'd by night;

He quails at their desire sent,
For bread the food of heaven lent ;
He brake the rocks, and rivers flow'd
Amid the deserts' drear abode !

17. For why ? in his remembrance good
The promise made to Abraham stood !
With joy he freed his chosen race,
In Canaan's land he gave them place ;
The heathen's labours made their own
While they should keep *his* laws alone !

CVI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. Oh thank the Lord ! his grace remains, though earth and
heav'n decay ;
His mercy still endures the test, though worlds to time give
way !

Who with fit adoration, Lord,
Thy noble actions can applaud ?

2. Blessed are they, whose every deed conforms to virtue pure !
But, O Almighty ! favour I, though sinner, would insure ;
Then let me that salvation gain
To which thy chosen shall attain !

3. And though we like our fathers sin, let mercy never fail,
Or though more wicked still than they, still let thy grace
avail ;

And let us with thine own rejoice,
And mingle with thy saints our voice !

4. Each miracle in Egypt shewn, our sires remember'd not ;
The loving-kindness there display'd, our fathers soon forgot ;
And while upon the Red Sea's strand,
They disobey'd thy high command !

5. Yet for God's name sake, that his pow'r on earth might be
beheld,
He with a dominant rebuke the Red Sea's flood repell'd ;
And where the billows' track was dried,
He led them to the other side !

6. And from the adverse foeman's hand, deliverance he gave ;
Returning billows ev'ry foe cast in a watery grave ;—
Then Israelites believed his word,
And heav'n their holy anthems heard !

7. But they, within a while, forgot the actions of the Lord ;
Nor longer (callous to his love) were by his counsel awed ;
But in the wilderness their lust
Tempted their Saviour with distrust !

8. He granted them the frail desire that o'er them held control ;
To prove their folly, leanness sent through every vital soul.
They anger'd Moses, lost the love
Of Aaron saint of him above !

9. So earth was open'd : Dathan sank, engulf'd beneath the
ground ;
Abiram's congregation all a grave yet breathing found ;
Amid their ranks a fire arose,
A flamy death destroy'd God's foes!
10. In Horeb then a molten calf, they raised, and kneeling, paid
The honours of divinity to that which folly made ;
Forgetful of that Holy One
Who had such works in Egypt done—
11. Such miracles in Ham perform'd, and by the Red Sea's shore ;
Each fearful action of the Lord remember'd they no more :
So God would all have slain in rage,
But Moses could his wrath assuage! .
12. The promised land they held in scorn, with doubt their minds
were fill'd ;
They murmur'd through the camp, nor thought God's word
could be fulfill'd ;
Then rose his just, his awful hand,
To cast them aliens from the land !
13. They join'd with Baal-Peor, and ate the offerings of the dead ;
Thus still provoking him, they fell beneath revenge more
dread.
To judgment then Phinehas rose,
So from the plague God gave repose !

14. And though the virtue that Phinehas display'd before the
 Lord,
 For ever through posterity was publish'd far abroad,
 When *strife's inquiet waves* they met,
 They anger'd the Eternal yet.
15. And Moses for the people's faults, God's punishment received :
 Provoked to anger by their sins, in heart while deeply grieved,
 Words unadvisedly he spoke,
 That from a wounded spirit broke.
16. For though their ruin God decreed, the infidels they spared ;
 And while they learnt their guilty works, the heathen's
 friendship shared ;
 Regardless of their Maker's voice,
 Of idol-worship they made choice.
17. They shed the blood of innocence, to devils offering made
 Of their own children, their beloved, their cherish'd offspring
 slay'd ;
 Adultery of the deepest stain
 Committing by their works profane.
18. Then kindled was the mighty rage of an offended Lord,
 Till he his own inheritance, his favour'd tribes abhorr'd :
 Then took he his support away,
 And o'er them gave the heathen sway.

19. How often he deliv'rance gave ! how often they rebell'd, .
 And by conceits of darker guilt his flow of love withheld !
 Yet when in bondage they complain'd,
 They found his former love remain'd.
20. He thought upon his covenant ; oh vast is love divine !
 He pitied when he Israel view'd in foreign bonds repine :
 Yea more ! he made their conquerors too
 With pity their afflictions view !
21. Deliver still, O Lord our God, from bonds more infidel,
 That we delighted, on thy name, with bosom-thanks may
 dwell !
 Great God of mercy ! Israel's friend !
 World everlasting without end
 Oh be thou praised ! and Father bless'd,
 In thee each tongue its joy attest !

CVII.

1. WOULD now a lay of thanks divine
 Could round celestial harp-strings twine,
 And utter praises meek and pure,
 For mercies that unchang'd endure !
2. Let those redeemed, the anthem pour :
 Let those preserved from foes adore :
 Pour forth the anthem's notes sublime,
 Ye scatter'd ones in every clime !
3. Thou wentest, Israel, once astray
 Amid the desert's weary way ;
 Whilst fainting and to want resign'd,
 No city found'st to cheer thy mind :
4. Thy fathers *then* Jehovah sought ;
 In mercy, he their footsteps brought
 By an undevious certain road,
 To Judah's promised long abode.

5. *Oh that mankind would therefore raise
To God, Celestial Friend, sweet praise !
That mortals gratefully declared
The bounteous gifts by mortals shared !*
6. The empty soul he satisfies,
The famish'd mind with food supplies ;
Those too in darkness, death's cold shades
Fast bound in woe and iron, he aids³
7. Though they against the Lord rebell'd,
Nor to his holy counsels held,
When their stern spirits in distress,
Learnt their own weakness to confess,—
8. God in the heavens their prayers received,
Their bitterness of grief relieved,
Dispell'd death's shadows from the soul,
And brake away their bonds' control.
9. *Oh that mankind would therefore raise
To God, Celestial Friend, sweet praise !
That mortals gratefully declared
The bounteous gifts by mortals shared !*

10. He with dread thunders from his throne,
 The brazen portals hath o'erthrown ;
 The bars of iron, the bars that durst
 Oppose the Lord, his hand hath burst !
11. Fools lost in sin affliction feel,
 When guilt-pang'd thoughts upon them steal ;
 The spirit's food then they refuse,
 And at the gates of death hope lose !
12. Then cry they to the throne of grace ;
 God hears them from his secret place,
 His holy word, as balm bestow'd,
 Relieves them of their heavy load !
13. *Oh that mankind would therefore raise
 To God, Celestial Friend, sweet praise !
 That mortals gratefully declared,
 The bounteous gifts by mortals shared !*
14. That men, for sacrifice, would raise
 To God their hearts o'ercome with praise !
 That they the works of the Supreme
 Would make their ever-joyful theme !

15. *They* see indeed his works profound,
Who sink in ships beneath the round
Of girdling waters ; as they sail,
What wonders in the deep prevail !
16. For his Almighty word, unbinds
The fury of the stormy winds ;
The billows are to heaven toss'd,
Then in unfathom'd oceans lost !
17. Troubled, their spirits melt away ;
Staggering as drunkards, fear betray ;
And while the tempests' threats o'erwhelm,
Reason itself deserts the helm.
18. Yet recollecting, God on high
Is God of storms, to him they cry ;
He hears, he bids the storms obey,
And ocean's roarings die away !
19. The calm infuses joy again,
No shipwreck-fears their souls retain ;
God leads them to the destined beach,
The haven all their thoughts would reach !

20. *Oh that mankind would therefore raise
To God, Celestial Friend, sweet praise !
That mortals gratefully declared
The bounteous gifts by mortals shared !*
21. That where the congregation meet,
They boldly would his praise repeat ;
And with the elders, awe-imprest,
The goodness of the Lord attest !
22. He to a wild can change the sea,
The springs dry up at his decree !
When man his sovereign Lord forsakes,
A fruitful land he barren makes !
23. Again, upon the desert's sand
He makes the flooding waters stand ;
And where meridian sun-shine dries
The fruitful plain, makes fountains rise !
24. To dwell, and build a city there,
The famish'd heaven-led repair ;
To sow, plant holy vineyards, gain
The fruits of heaven's perpetual reign !

25. He blesses them, they multiply,
God suffers not their herds to die ;
But when in plenty they grow proud,
To earth in sorrow they are bow'd !
26. Though many then are snatch'd away,
Though groan their princes—yet a ray
Of mercy shines upon the meek,
As wand'ring they compassion seek.
27. Though poor, to pathless wilds resign'd,
A guardian Providence they find ;
God cheers them from o'erclouding woes,
And wealth like yeanling flocks bestows.
28. The good shall think on this with joy,
This shall all sin's complaints destroy ;—
These things the wise, by pondering well,
Shall from God's love the veil dispel !

CVIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. O God ! my heart is willing
 To offer up thy praise ;
Be then my tongue fulfilling
 The joyful wish that sways !
2. Cease lute and harp your slumbers !
 Myself will early rise,
The world shall hear my numbers,
 Though song neglected lies !
3. Thy mercy, Lord, extendeth
 Beyond the azure blue ;
Thy righteousness ascendeth
 O'er clouds, to prove thee true !

4. O'er heaven's concave vaulted,
 Enthroned thyself, Supreme !
 Above the earth exalted,
 O let thy glory beam !

5. That saved be ev'ry servant
 Of thine, each bosom friend—
 O hear my wishes fervent,
 Thy right hand, Lord, extend !

6. Hark, mortals ! hark this token ;
 Attend this holy voice !
 Hark, words by prophet spoken !
 “ Behold I will rejoice :

7. “ I Succoth's vale will measure :
 I Sichem will divide !
 Manasses is my treasure,
 And Gilead is my pride !

8. “ My head thou Ephraim bearest,
 While Judah gives my laws :
 Proud Moab thou preparest,
 (When I would wash) the vase !

9. " O'er Edom, I disdaining,
Will victor cast my shoe ;
Philistia conquest gaining,
O'er thee will triumph too !"
10. Bright city, where are center'd
My thoughts, whilst I abide
On earth, how art thou enter'd ?
Who thither is man's guide ?
11. Lord, canst thou have neglected
For ever Israel's host ?
No more shall we collected,
Thy banner's guidance boast ?
12. From warriors proud defend us ;
No aid can *man* bestow !
Yes, Lord, thou wilt befriend us,
And tread down our worst foe.

CIX.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. REMAIN not mute,
Celestial God whom I adore !
O Lord, confute
Detraction's spirit, I implore,
For on me all its hostile weapons pour !
2. Yes, falsehood's wiles,
Father, have compass'd me around ;
Deceit reviles
My soul, with hatred ; I am bound
By foes, who my best friendship ever found !
3. With hope I pray !
Though thus affection they requite,
There is a way,
Lord, to thy bosom ; there is might
In each pure thought that wings to thee its
flight !

4. Wicked they are ;
I shudder, yet truth tells me so ;
Stray'd from thee far,
Companion of their sins, bestow
A prince, whose right hand Satan's rule may
know !
5. But give not peace
To him, thine instrument of rage ;
O'er him release
Thy judgment, nor his woes assuage,
But write his prayer on sin's devoted page !
6. Few be his days ;
Let usurpation to his throne
Another raise ;
And be his wife and children, thrown
Upon a friendless world, lost, poor, unknown !
7. And be the spoil
Of his iniquity, the fruit
Of all his toil,
Lord, ravish'd from him ; and outroot,
Nor let his race profane the world pollute !

- 8 Compassion none
 Be given to the orphan child,
 Or widow'd one
 Of his affections ; but reviled
 Be all his house, cast out, from fame exiled !
9. Be register'd
 For aye in heaven his father's crime ;
 Upon the world
 Pass'd o'er his mother's sin, let time
 Prey not,—its memory o'er ages climb !
10. Before the Lord
 Remember'd everlastingly,
 Be that record ;
 For merciless, the needy he,
 The heart-torn goaded with severity !
11. But as his love
 In imprecation joy'd, nor ask'd
 Gifts from above,
 So shall his frame, that robe he cast
 Curse-weft upon him, mantle fast !

12. As oil shall flow
 Throughout his inwards, through each bone,
 That self-wrought woe,
 Which as a garment he has thrown
 And with a girdle fix'd upon him as his own!—
13. Oh I do shrink
 From all this evil, this dread curse,
 Lord, when I think
 My adversary, lost, perverse,
 Is to the *Deity himself* adverse !
14. Then let me crave,
 Thou for thy name's sake, mercy's Lord,
 A wretch wouldst save ;
 For I am poor, my spirit flaw'd
 Faints like the shade by ev'ning stretch'd
 abroad !
15. As on the gale
 The locust drives, so I am toss'd ;
 My knees too fail ;
 Through fasting my health's flush is lost ;
 For friendship now, I feel but friendship's frost !

16. Yet though reproach
I meet with, a disdainful brow,
My woes approach
That fount of mercy, Lord, which thou
In all-sufficiency pour'st to those who bow!
17. And Saviour, shew
In openness this love benign,
That sin may know
My hope-spring is a fount divine,
The giver thou, its source too thine!
18. Then wilt thou bless
Although they curse me, wilt ashame
Those who oppress;
Whilst joy my spirit shall inflame,
That robe shall clothe them which their vices
claim!
19. Then shall a song,
Not human, from my lips awake,
Which not the throng
Of busy worldlings, who forsake
Thy truth, shall in its flow have pow'r to break!

20. And be that strain,
Inspired in praise of the divine
Just Saviour's reign,
Whose love shall o'er wrong'd meekness shine,
And save the soul, oppressions to his care re-
sign !

CX.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(CHRISTMAS-DAY.)

1. To my Lord, Jehovah said,
 " At my right thyself enthroned,
 " Till thy footstool I have made
 " Of thy proudest foe o'erthrown !"
2. Yes ! and God thy sceptre will
 Stretch from Sion o'er mankind :
Rule ! thy Spirit's power instil,
 To thyself the Gentiles bind !
3. And thy yoke the world obeying,
 Free-will offerings all shall bear :
Like the pregnant dew-betraying
 Morn, shall grace thy birth declare !

4. Like Melchisedek, High-Priest,
Ministering all time beyond,
God hath sworn thee ; nor released
Can or shall be spirit-bond !
5. Awful Deity ! the Lord
At thy right, in power supern,
Shall the infidel reward,
And the princely scorner spurn !
6. Lifeless shall the heathen sink ;
Death the lordly shall o'erpower ;
But *Himself* must deeply drink
Sorrow, ere redemption's hour !

CXI.

(EASTER-DAY.)

1. STRIKE the holy harp once more !
Still the song to heaven pour !
I will with my soul entire,
Follow ev'ry thrilling wire,
And the anthem awed repeat
Where the congregation meet !

2. Mighty is each work divine !
Splendours through creation shine !
Ev'ry eye of virtue, sees
With research its mysteries !
All God's works a base possess
Of eternal righteousness !

3. Transitory though may be,
 All that earth pertains to thee,—
 Works there are the Lord hath made
 Which shall never, never fade !
 Time nor bounds confine his love,
 Earth below nor heav'n above !

4. They who fear him, ever find
Providence celestial, kind !
 God will ever keep with awe
 His own sacred promise-law !
 Israel though he terrors shew'd,
 Reached Canaan's bless'd abode !

5. Verity and judgment beam
 From the hand of the Supreme ;
 All that he commands shall prove
 Lasting though creation move !
 Rectitude and truth, uphold
 All his sacred words unfold !

6. Such redemption as may lift
 Man to heaven, is his gift :

Though while here we often weep,
He his covenant will keep :
Thus his holy, reverend name,
Ever should our worship claim !

7. Fearing God to wisdom leads ;
He who God's religion heeds
Shall an understanding gain,
Skill'd, unsullied, free from stain !
Sound the harp then, wake the lays !
Everlasting is God's praise !

CXII.

1. THAT man partakes of real delight,
Who fears his God, who acts aright!
By his example too impress'd,
His children's children shall be bless'd!
2. His virtues shall a mansion build,
With plenty and chaste riches fill'd;
He favour shall from God possess,
Eternal as his righteousness!
3. Amid the gloom of earthly night,
A day-spring of supernal light
Illumes the godly; from above
Shine mercy righteousness and love!
4. The virtuous, too can mercy feel,
And lend when those in want appeal;
Nor find that charity misguides,
What God in trust to man confides!

5. Yes! such who know the real intent
Of ev'ry generous blessing lent,
Shall live, shall live in mem'ry dear,
Though (bless'd remove) no longer here!
6. The ill report, the false alarm,
The virtuous soul can not disarm!
Relying still with holy trust
Deliv'rance proves reliance just!
7. The horn that charity exalts,
Outshines the stain of frailty's faults;
Dispensing freely to the poor,
Diviner riches can secure!
8. The wicked shall with envy view
Mercy receive its more than due;
With gnashing teeth, behold, of vice
Ruin, destruction, is the price!

CXIII.

(EASTER-DAY.)

1. PRAISE the Lord! O praise ye faithful!
Honour'd be Jehovah's name!
Word of wonder, may we ever
Thy love-spelling sound proclaim!
2. Dally not the song! O listen!
Sacred choristers unseen,
Though scarce day-break, have awaken'd
Strains that shall not die with e'en!
3. O'er the heathen, how exalted
Is the sovereign Lord, who reigns
Ruler in a boundless heaven
That his glory scarce contains!

4. Who is like the Lord Almighty,
High empyrean King of kings,
That yet humbly bends his greatness
From divine to earthly things ?
5. From the dust God virtue raiseth,
When unstain'd by heavy faults ;
Poverty to dwell with princes
From surrounding mire exalts !
6. He, the sterile woman gladdens
With a mother's sacred joys ;
By a numerous offspring blessing,
Her deep-felt reproach destroys !

CXIV.

(EASTER-DAY.)

1. WHEN Israel left the land of toil,
Egypt's strange-peopled slaving soil,—
Judah became her safe retreat,
And Palestine her regal seat!
2. The sea, and Jordan, at the view,
In haste their mighty floods withdrew;
The dreadful mountains skipp'd like rams,
The lesser hills as sportive lambs!
3. What ail'd thee then, terrific sea,
That thy ungovern'd floods should flee?
And Jordan, that thy furious tide,
Roll'd back upon itself should glide?

4. Ye cloud-heap'd mountains, what quick drea
Was o'er your spiring summits shed ?
Whose presence made ye skip like rams ?
Ye hills what made ye bound like lambs ?
5. God of Cerulean ! then alone
'Twas thy o'erawing presence shone !—
Tremble thou earth ! the Lord appears,
The sovereign God Jacob reveres !
6. That God, who made a standing lake
Of waters from the hard rock break !
Whose word omnipotent, could bring
Fast flowing from the flint, a spring !

CXV.

1. Not to mortals, Lord to thee,
Praise and lowly worship be !
While thy *mercy* asketh more,
How can we thy *truth* adore ?
2. Wherefore should the heathen say,
“ Prove him God whom ye obey !”
Is not heaven’s deep veil thy station ?
Is not thy mere wish creation ?
3. But the gods to which *they* kneel
Speak not, see, hear, smell, nor feel ;
By the hands of mortals made,
They cannot their votaries aid !
4. Gold and silver statues, art
Cannot also life impart ;
Though their authors give them feet,
Never they their votaries meet !

5. Those who made them, all who pray
To them, senseless are as they !
Then, O house of Israel, trust
Him whose attributes are just !
6. House of Aaron—favour'd race !
On the Lord reliance place ;
Danger, want, adversity,
Israel's God shall ward from thee !
7. Ye that fear him, still rely,
Still in woe to God apply !
Though misfortunes should depress,
He can every grief redress !
8. Yes ! we oft his love have shared ;
Yet are stores of bliss prepared !
Israel—house of Aaron ! grace
Shall thy sorrows yet replace !
9. God will bless, without reserve
All who his regard deserve :
They, their children too—shall live
Bless'd with more than wealth can give !

10. When each blessing ye receive,
God the source of all believe ;
God who made the ponderous earth !
God whose word gave heavens birth !
11. All those heavens are his own ;
There conceal'd exists His throne !
But the Lord on man bestow'd
Earth for kingdom and abode !
12. Then, oh mortals ! while ye live
Praises to Jehovah give !
From the silent grave no more
Lips shall holy anthems pour !
13. Let us, while we life enjoy,
All its course in praise employ ;
And Jehovah may extend
Life, for praise which ne'er shall end !

CXVI.

(SACRAMENTAL.)

1. OH well am I pleased, that the prayers of my
anguish,
Have found from Jehovah a merciful ear !
With hope, till in death my calm'd spirit shall
languish,
Thyself, Lord ! the wish of my heart shall be near !
2. Encompass'd around by this life's parting snares,
My sinking mortality quick to hell's pain—
Oh then at that hour, that hour of cares,
A prayer to my Maker, a thought can sustain !
3. Thy *mercy* can ne'er, O Almighty ! deny
What even thy righteous divinity would :
The simple of heart on thine aid may rely ;
My troubles, by aid so divine, I withstood !

4. Return thee my soul, turn again, turn to rest ;
 For God hath rewarded thee more than deserved ;
 From death itself freed thee, when closely it
 press'd ;
 Hath dried up each tear, and thy sinking feet
 nerved !

5. Before my loved Maker, with joy, in a land,
 With life, life immortal, content I shall dwell !
 Although once this hope I could not understand,
 And said prophets falsehood like other men tell !

6. Oh what shall I give to the Lord, to repay
 His kindness in o'er me such benefits showering ?
 Salvation's brimm'd cup I will take, and obey
 His call to thanksgiving,—reluctance o'erpow-
 ering !

7. Yes, here in the presence of God, I will vow,
 Before all his people obediently kneel !
 For God suffers not that his chosen saints bow,
 Or goodness unvenged should the stroke of
 death feel !

8. Behold, O Eternal ! thee homage I offer ;
For I am thy servant, thy hand-maiden's son :
In freedom of spirit, thanksgiving I proffer—
His *best* sacrifice, whom from bonds thou hast
won !
9. Before all thy worshippers, yes I will pay
My vows with a heart from affliction o'ercome !
The courts of thine house—as I ardently pray,
All Salem—shall hear me thy benefits sum !

CXVII.

Ye dark Gentile nations, unite in thanksgiving !

The merciful kindness of God ever glows ;

Alone on the bounty of Providence living,

The more we enjoy it, the more each gift flows !

The truth of the Lord is immortal ! then sing

The praise—soul-felt praise of the merciful King !

CXVIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(EASTER-DAY.)

1. PRAISES to Jehovah give,
For the Deity is kind!
Evermore his mercies live,
All is for our good design'd !
2. O let Israel this declare,
Let the house of Aaron, say—
All that worship—" Holy care
Glows, though other love decay !"
3. I upon the Lord in grief
Call'd, and he allay'd my woes ;
Giving to my soul relief,
He convey'd me to repose !

4. God is with me ; hence no fear
Of what *man* can do I feel :
When their hands the proud durst rear,
God respected my appeal !
5. Better 'tis to trust the Lord,
Than mankind or prince of dust :
Though by warring nations awed,
I shall conquer in this trust !
6. Yes, thus truly may I say—
Though on ev'ry side they came,
All my enemies gave way
To the Lord's emboldening name !
7. Though like bees foes thicken'd round,
All like kindled thorns expired :
Uttering that holy sound —
Follow'd all that I desired !
8. Foe—thou strived'st for my death,
But Jehovah guarded me :
Yield I then my vital breath
To Salvation's Deity !

9. Hark ! the voice of joy and health
 Echoes through the righteous' dwelling :
 Providence, though as by stealth
 Working, is in might excelling !
10. Paramount is God's right hand—
 Paramount in ruling all !
 Round us, oh what wonders stand
 Servants of his lordly call !
11. Oh I shall not die ! but live
 To admire, to praise, to sing,
 One eternal offering give,
 To the good Creator-King !
12. Though God chose that I should bear
 Chastisement, till death I felt
 Hastening o'er me, yet his care
 Health, renewing vigour, dealt !
13. Oh but in still further kindness,
 Ope to me those holy gates,
 Lord, beyond which, freed from blindness,
 Righteous to praise thee waits !

14. Yet till then, whilst here sojourning,
 Let me God's boon love applaud ;
 Thus in *will* at least, returning
 Something to redemption's Lord !

15. That rejected slighted stone,
 By the builders laid aside,
 Miracle the Lord hath shewn !
 Now the corner crowns in pride !

16. This is that immortal day,
 Promised—by the Lord bestow'd !
 Oh then let the soul give way,
 By its innate joy o'erflow'd !

17. Aid, omnipotent now yield—
 Aid that may our wants o'erpow'r !
 Be prosperity reveal'd,
 O'er us all its blessings show'r !

18. Hail, to him who in the name
 Of Jehovah is at hand !
 Blessed, blessed, ye who claim
 Household with his holy band !

19. God he is ! our light divine !
 Bind and bring the sacrifice !
 Only God, Lord, thou art mine—
 Worship, thy required price !
20. Give then, what the Lord deserves,
 Give infinitude of praise !
 No—eternity preserves
 Still that love man disobeys !

CXIX.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

I. ALEPH.

1. **BLESSED** are they, who keep the way
Prescribed in God's own sacred law;
Who treasured deep, unbroken keep
Within their hearts, each rule with awe!
2. Such are the highly gifted few!
Who when temptation's wile incites,
Can strive in spirit, not pursue
The wanderings whither sin invites!
3. Yes! God thou hast ordain'd, that we
Should strictly keep thy dread commands;
Would that thy paths were made so free,
We could give what thy voice demands!

4. Blushes were then not mine,—sustain'd
 By what from Scripture-study flows:
 Jehovah! then a heart unfeign'd,
 Should yield thee what religion owes!
5. To manifest what love I bear
 To *thee* from whom I all receive,
 Each service *thine* shall be my care;
 And God, his friend, no more will leave!

II. BETH.

6. What can from sin's false charms keep youth?
 Thy word, thy never-erring truth!
 Thence God, O may I never swerve,
 But still for thee my heart preserve!
7. Thy Scriptures in that heart I laid,
 Lest sin my weakness durst invade:
 Lord thou art ever blessed! still
 Teach me to know thy holy will!
8. Nor have I silent been; thy praise
 My willing lips have known to raise!
 Yes, on thy judgments they have dwelt,
 Whilst pious ecstasy I felt!

9. I have as much delight enjoy'd,
 Whilst in religious search employ'd,
 As can from riches e'er result,
 Howe'er they make the heart exult !

10. Still of thy laws I will discourse,
 And form by thine my earthly course ;
 Thy statutes shall my heart rejoice,
 I never will forget thy voice !

III. GIMEL.

11. O Father, to thy servant give
 Such holy, such benignant aid,
 That I a virtuous life may live
 Thy wishes all by me obey'd !

12. Far hence my mortal blindness chase,
 That I may holy wonders learn !
 A stranger I, of earthly race,
 To thee in heaven, for guidance turn !

13. My kindred spirit ever flows
 With ardour to obtain thy love !
 Consuming, raptured, high it flows,
 It seeks thee in the realms above !

14. Thou hast rebuked the proud ! oh curst
 Is he who loves not thy commands !
 But Lord, if I have known thy trust,
 Support me as my shame demands !

15. Though regal pride dares scorn thee, I
 My God, will strive to please thee still :
 The rules of thy divinity,
 The counsels of a friend instil !

IV. DALETH.

16. My soul sinks deep, it weeping falls,
 It hastens to the clayey sod ;
 Yet on thy promise, oh it calls,
 To quicken it, celestial God !

17. To thee, my wanderings I have told ;
 Oh, thou hast heard my tale of faults !
 Thy precepts then no more withhold,
 That virtue give which soul-exalts !

18. The depths of thy commands explain,
 Though veil'd in darkness mist and cloud !
 Nor silent shall my lips remain,
 But, Lord, thy wonders tell aloud !

19. My soul in heaviness dissolves !
 Bring comfort, promised joy bestow ;
 Make firm my soul in good resolves
 To shun deceit and virtue know !

20. Already I have sought for truth,
 Thy holy judgment had in view ;
 Yes, now as from my earliest youth,
 I still believe thy precepts true !

21. Confound me not, O Prince of Light !
 I'll do all thy commands ordain,
 (Convinced they ever must be right)
 Give thou my heart but rest again !

V. HE.

22. Instruct me, (Lord, I oft request !)
 O teach the way to holy rest !
 Thy perfect statutes thither lead !
 Teach thou, and I will ever heed !

23. Real wisdom, oh, within me pour,
 That all my heart may thee adore !
 Conduct me through religion's way,
 'Twas there my wishes ever lay !

24. If covetousness fires my heart,
 To quench it thy commands impart ;
 My eyes from each vain object turn ;
 For thee, soul-quicken'd, let me burn !

25. And lest that I should cease to fear
 That God whom virtue must revere,
 Establish in me, firmly place
 Thy word of hope joy comfort grace !

26. Take far from me the shame I dread !
 Thy good commands can comfort shed !
 Yes, there I find delight refined ;
 Then thus, oh thus, inspire my mind !

VI. VAU.

27. *As promised*—God whom I adore !
 Salvation, loving-kindness, pour
 From thy cerulean, to sustain
 The sinking wretched child of pain !

28. So when blasphemers vex me, I
 May with thy confidence reply :
 “ I sink not, for God's sacred word
 “ By me to folly is preferr'd !”

29. Ne'er take such truths from my belief,
 For Scripture-hopes afford relief !
 Nought can my wandering thoughts mislead,
 Whilst sacred duty there I read !
30. I buoyantly and free will go,
 For true religion fears not woe ;
 Though princes hear me, I will name
 The God whose wonders praises claim !
31. My swelling bosom would requite
 That God whose laws are my delight :
 In conscious weakness I upraise
 My hands, and wishes yield for praise !

VII. ZAIN.

32. *Promise* has been my spirit's drink
 Through many a long and varied year ;
 Then, Lord, upon thy servant think ;
 Thy word can quicken me and cheer !
33. The proud have scorn'd my trust in thee ;
 Yet from thy laws I never shrank,—
 Remembering that Eternity
 To me was joy, to them a blank !

34. My soul with horror freezes, when
 I contemplate the final doom
 Of such self-will'd, such head-strong men,
 As o'er thy dreadful laws presume !
35. Whilst journeying—oh by night—by day—
 And in my pilgrimage-abode,
 Thy statutes have inspired my lay,
 My song, my thoughts, to thee have flow'd !
36. I on thy name have raptured dwelt,
 My heart to serve thee well, has tried !
 Yes ! and my soul reward hath felt,
 In seeming to thyself allied !

VIII. CHETH.

37. Eternal Father ! thou art mine
 By patrimony all divine :
 And I in fealty promised thee
 The homage of real piety !
38. Obediently I sought the place
 Adorn'd by thy celestial face ;
 There bending, all my heart confess'd,
 Its need for promised grace and rest !

39. Repentant o'er the faults of youth,
 I turn'd me to thy ways of truth ;
 Nor longer dared procrastinate
 Preparing for a future state !
40. Though wickedness has spoil'd me, still
 I strive to do thy holy will !
 My hymns (for I will not despond)
 Lone midnight echoes shall respond !
41. No sacred ties of love, I bind
 With those to wickedness resign'd :
 Thy works enough of mercy shew,
 And I would but such learning know !

IX. TETH.

42. Nor have I sorrowing pined away,
 Neglected of celestial love :
 Though man his dearest friend betray,
 Each word is faith in heaven above !
43. Then Father ! if I gave belief
 To thy commands, instruct my soul :
 Ere yet I knew the pangs of grief,
 I wander'd far from thy control

44. But now I keep thy word, or aim
 To please thee, and thou smil'st the smile
 Of love and mercy, and the flame
 Of piety I feel the while !
45. Although the proud with falsehood taint
 Mine honour, still my heart is thine ;
 Although they scorn thy soft restraint,
 Thy governance be ever mine !
46. 'Tis well for me I have obtain'd
 The piety by sorrow brought ;
 More joy to me thy laws have gain'd,
 Than gold or silver could have bought !

X. JOD.

47. Thy holy hand my form bestow'd,
 Nor left it an unbreathing load ;
 Then, oh Eternal Father ! give
 That I *for gratitude* may live !
48. What bliss that them who heaven fear,
 My presence should to gladness cheer !
 That trusting to thy word, on earth
 Should gain the friendship of real worth !

49. Though I at thy rebukes repine,
 I know thy judgments are benign :
 Lord, ever with thy chastisement,
 Join mercy, that I may repent !
50. Thy law is my delight ! then God
 O'er sinful pride lay thy just rod ;
 So I its dangers shall elude,
 With pious feelings more endued !
51. Return Lord to thy Prince alone,
 Such as have thy commandments known !
 To virtue be my heart inflamed,
 And never will I be ashamed !

XI. CAPH.

52. My soul hath for salvation long'd !
 And yet my hopes believe thy word,
 Although my eyes from care prolong'd
 Now fail me, as my sighs are heard !
53. I shrivel as a leathern flask
 Dried long amid the clouding smoke ;
 And thus by grief o'ercome, I ask,
 (Though grief no further can provoke :)

54. "How many days have I yet left?
 Oh when wilt thou thy servant right?
 Now of all hope but thine bereft—
 Oh when wilt thou the foe requite?"
55. "They have prepared *against thy law*,
 Pits that in ambush wait my feet:
 But just art thou! with love and awe,
 I trust thou wilt their arts defeat!"
56. "They brought me near my earthly end:
 They stretch'd me on the brink of life:
 Yet this could not my spirit bend—
 It served thee still, though gloom'd by strife!"
57. "Lord quicken me, as angel-love
 Is wont to glow in angel-form!
 Thy social kindness from above
 To truth and piety can warm!"

XII. LAMED.

58. Eternal is thy word! the sky
 And all its hosts ere *that* shall die:
 Whilst generations come and go,
 Thy truth no change shall ever know!

59. Almighty! thy creation hurl'd
 Upon its base the spanless world!
 This day, as when created new,
 Thy works unchanged their course pursue!
60. Oh! if I had not known to please
 My God, by loving his decrees—
 I long since had become the prey
 Of death, by sin swept curst away!
61. By me shall never be resign'd
 His laws, for they illume my mind!
 Lord I am thine! my spirit save,
 If serving thee can shut the grave!
62. Though wickedness conspired my death,
 Be in thine hand my vital breath!
 Though all beside consume away,
 Thine ordinance shall ne'er decay!

XIII. MEM.

63. What love, my God, I bear thy law!
 All day its sacred depths I seek:
 What hidden wisdom thence I draw,
 To prove the sceptic's learning weak!

64. More understanding I have gain'd
 From Scripture, than my teachers know ;
 Than age, more knowledge have obtain'd ;
 And all to thy commands I owe !
65. And that thy word should be obey'd,
 I have my feet restrain'd from ill ;
 Thy judgments in my soul have laid,
 Taught by the dictates of thy will !
66. How sweet thy words—how heavenly sweet,
 Repeated even by human lips !
 But when thine own such truths repeat,
 What honey the pleased ear then sips !
67. Through thy commandments, I receive
 Of understanding a pure store :
 For this will I corruption leave,
 Detest all vice and thee adore !

XIV. NUN.

68. Thy word is like a radiant light,
 To guide me through earth's gloomy night :
 Oh, I am bound in stedfast bent
 To serve thee, High Omnipotent !

69. Yet trouble o'er my spirit lowers,
 My heart is steep'd in sorrow's showers—
 Dispel with life-breath from my soul,
 Affliction's drear and paly stole!
70. Oh let my praise, an offering free,
 Acceptance meet, Great God, from thee!
 And if it pleasure thee, O teach
 What truth's sublimer heights can reach!
71. Although thou giv'st my heart full rein,
 Its thoughts from evil I restrain;
 Though wickedness a snare had placed,
 For thy commands I dangers faced!
72. With joy I claim'd from age to age,
 Thy statutes as an heritage;
 To follow them, my soul applied,
 While time and nature should abide!

XV. SAMECH.

73. I those of evil thoughts despise,
 But all thy laws sincerely prize;
 Thou sole art my defence and shield,
 Thy word I as a buckler wield!

74. Away ye wicked, haste away !
 The Lord's commandments I will hold :
 But fondly let not hope betray !
 In thee, *Eternal*, make me bold !
75. Sustain me with thy gracious hand,
 And I in safety, Lord, shall stand ;
 Shall still exist, to study more
 To please the God whom I adore !
76. The wicked thou hast trodden low,
 For they departed from thy will :
 Oh all their thoughts from evil flow,
 Vain falsities their spirits fill !
77. As dross the vicious thou destroy'st ;
 Hence by thy will I am rejoiced ;
 Yet tremble I with nerveless fear,
 Lest stern thy judgments should appear !

XVI. AIN.

78. I deal with what is just and true,
 Then keep me from oppression's harm ;
 With pleasure let me ever view,
 Though pride may sneer, real virtue's charm

79. My eyes are wasted, dull and glazed,
 In seeking thy long-promised health :
 Whilst thus my fondest hope is raised,
 Bestow it, for 'tis all my wealth !
80. According to thy mercy, Lord !
 (How measureless can mercy reach)
 O after thine own love accord,
 My wishes ! this dark spirit teach !
81. Enlighten me to love thee well,
 Give me to understand thy laws :
 Arise ! lift up thine hand ! expel
 Those who earth's crimes and sorrows cause !
82. Beloved more than gold or gem
 Within my heart thine edicts rest ;
 Nor there shall vice e'er stifle them,
 Whilst ways deceitful I detest !

XVII. PE.

83. Thy testimonies, O Supreme !
 With wonder are my constant theme ;
 They o'er my spell-struck soul, maintain
 Their fearful, mild, inspiring reign !

84. Thy word in swift prophetic flight,
 To simpleness gives wisdom's light !
 It came—I heard with soften'd breath,
 Attention all, " Submit thee death !"
85. From immemorial time, with mild
 Regard hast thou o'er virtue smiled :
 On me with such soft kindness look
 As if I ne'er thy ways forsook !
86. My steps so order, Lord, that sin
 May o'er me no dominion win :
 Protect me from the sinner's wile,
 That nought from thee my heart beguile !
87. The light of thy bless'd face, Lord, shed,
 That I may thee belove and dread !
 My eyes with water gush, to view
 The evil actions mortals do !

XVIII. TSADDI.

88. Righteous art *thou*, thy judgments glow
 With truth refulgent as thy throne !
 Thy sacred pure commands, bestow
 Such grace as comes from heaven alone !

89. Oh I have burnt with holy rage,
Beholding how mankind neglect
The treasures of the sacred page,
Nor o'er thy written word reflect !
90. In studying ev'ry Scripture verse
Tried well, proved true—I take delight ;
Nor can the love of fame, reverse
From thee my thoughts, enraptured quite !
91. Thy righteousness is all unlike
The virtue of inconstant man :
Though time all else from memory strike,
That—truth its base—it never can !
92. Troubles oppress me, yet I search
With love thy ever-righteous laws :
Instruct me in the deep research
To live, when near its end life draws !

XIX. KOPH.

93. I seek thee with my heart entire !
Thy statutes are my sole desire !
Deny then not my just request,
Thou God of testimonies bless'd !

94. I early in the morning cry,
 To thee on whom my hopes rely !
 In pious study, I surprise
 Each night-watch, with still wakeful eyes !

95. O hear me ! mercy hears complaint,
 When breaking free from sin's restraint :
 O quicken me again, lest death
 Absorbing ice my vital breath !

96. They who despise thy holy way,
 In malice would thy servant slay :
 But be, Eternal, at my side,
 To prove how well I have relied !

97. I doubted not ! nay ever knew
 That thy commands were pure and true ;
 That thou hast form'd them to remain,
 When ages shall no longer reign !

XX. RESCH.

98. Lord ! whilst I keep thy statutes, cheer
 With hope's bright smiles each anxious hour
 E'en piety may fail, when drear
 Oppressive thoughts the soul o'erpower !

99. And sickness, pain, the pain of mind,
 Attends the breach of holiness;
 But, Gracious Father, thou art kind,
 And with *thy Spirit's gift* canst bless!

100. The foes that persecute, and aim
 To lead me sin-stain'd to despair,
 Are many; yet thy sacred flame,
 Religion! is my constant care!

101. Lord, I am grieved, sincerely grieved,
 So many scorn thy laws' control!
 Oh think how I have all believed,
 And vitally inform my soul!

102. Eternal is thy throne, and true!
 Eternal thy decrees sublime!
 Though age on age may time renew,
 What thou ordain'st shall outlive time!

XXI. SCHIN.

103. Though causeless persecutions goad,
 At princes' will, my feeble heart,
 In me thy laws still find abode,
 Direct me, and their aid impart!

104. Thy word, a spring of gladness pours,
That when I faint my soul restores,
As treasures unexpected, glad
The heart by poverty made sad !
105. I falsehood utterly abhor ;
Though sinful, yet I love thy law ;
And seven times a day, I praise
The righteous Author of my days !
106. Oh great, oh tranquil is *their* peace
Who shame not to respect the Lord !
From mortal pain, I *that* release
Have sought, which shall the good reward !
107. My soul with pious might hath strived,
Nor unsuccessfully, to keep
Thy laws ! *from this* my strength derived,
“ *Thy searching eye can never sleep !*”

XXII. TAU.

108. Be not offended Lord, I should
So often crave celestial good !
Thy word is pass'd, thy promise made ;
Then grant, oh grant me holy aid !

109. Inform my lips—those lips shall pour
Thy praises, God whom I adore !
Thy word inspired, shall by my tongue,
In all its righteousness be sung !
110. O let thine hand its aid impart,
If thy commands have warm'd my heart !
Oh yes they have ! thy saving health
Is my desire, thy law my wealth !
111. The slumbers of my spirit break,
To life my torpid soul awake !
One burst, one burst of gratitude,
Shall worshipping, gain *love renew'd* !
112. And if sometimes I disobey,
If like a wand'ring sheep I stray,
Seek me, Eternal ! for my *soul*
Loves ever thy benign control !

CXX.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. **WHEN** grief my breaking heart oppress'd,
I, bosom-torn, the Lord address'd ;
And evermore the friend of woe,
He turn'd an ear of grace below.
2. Lord ! never may thy mercies end,
My soul from falsehood's thralls defend !
Deceptive tongue—what were thy due ?
Hot coals ! to be by darts pierced through !
3. Ah woe is me ! condemn'd to weep
The dwelling I with Mesech keep ;
To sigh an habitation dread,
On soil where Kedah's tents are spread !
4. My spirit long desired release
Lord from the enemies of peace ;
The warriors dread with whom I live,
Denied that peace which thou canst give !

CXXI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. I WILL lift mine eyes for aid,
 To yon hill, yon hill of hope !
He who earth and heaven made,
 Thence *to promise* bears their scope !
2. Trust him ! he thy feet sustains :
 Slumber ! Israel's shepherd guards :
God, though heav'n-conceal'd he reigns,
 Sleeplessly thy couch regards !
3. At thy right-hand, to protect
 From the burning sun, he stays ;
Should the moon its beams reflect
 Balefully, he dims its blaze !
4. God from sin too guards the soul ;
 Whereso'er thy footsteps bend,
He by his benign control,
 Checks them ere they straying tend !

CXXII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. On gladness fill'd my heart,
When pure religion's voice
Cried, worldly scenes depart,
God's temple be our choice !
2. Oh hasten to the Lord :
Jerusalem ! our feet,
Thy gates, from far abroad,
Shall reach, to find retreat !
3. Thy city can afford
To us its aid, wall'd round ;
The Lord is there adored
Upon his hallow'd ground !

4. The tribes of Israel there
All meet, and each ascends
The holy mountain, where
To all that kneel God bends !
5. Their thoughts on God alone—
Before his judgment-seat,
David's eternal throne,
They prayers and songs repeat !
6. For Salem's holy peace
Implore the God of Light !
Their blessings shall increase
Whom Salem's shades delight !
7. For friends' for brethren's sakes,
Oh, I will wish thee well ;
For *One who ne'er forsakes*,
Within thee deigns to dwell !

CXXIII.

I to thee upturn mine eyes,
Holy dweller of the skies!
I to thee, as servants stand
Watchful of their master's hand;
As the maiden's eyes discern
When her mistress' fingers turn—
I with all who seek thy grace,
Thus, O Father! search thy face!
Give that mercy, grant that love,
We desire from realms above;
For despised and spirit-tried,
Scorned we are of wealth and pride!

CXXIV.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. OH ! if the Lord had not been on our side,
God ! the Eternal *himself* ! when man rose
Israel upon thee, we surely had died—
Swallow'd, a prey to the wrath of our foes !
2. Drown'd had we been in the turbulent stream :
Over our spirits had deepen'd pride's waves :
He could our souls from such dangers redeem,
Dangers no mortal by mortal strength braves !
3. Praised be the Lord, who their teeth far away
Turn'd from upon us inflicting their threat !
Freed are our souls, like the innocent prey
Loosed from the toils cruel fowlers have set !
4. Broken, gone, sever'd, the bonds are that hung
Heavily o'er us ! Salvation Divine !—
“ *Word of our Help,*” praise in holiness sung
Heaven and earth's sole Creator ! be thine !

1. SION ! favour'd holy mount,
They who drink the sacred fount, .
Hope, firm hope in God, sets flowing,
Shall like thee immortal stand,
While the sea and while the land
Reckless ages are o'erthrowing !

2. As the guardian hills inclose
Salem from invading foes,
God affords *his own* protection,
Nor permits the good should be
Tempted by iniquity,
To the *rod of sin's* subjection !

3. Favour, Lord, with gifts divine,
Those whose hearts are wholly thine !

CXXVI.

1. WE seem'd as from a dream awoke,
When God our foreign thralldom broke ;
Our lips a deepening smile betray'd,
Our tongues a heart of joy obey'd.
2. Idolaters themselves confess'd
How much we holy love possess'd :
Yes! God hath done enough, to claim
For ever gratitude's pure flame !
3. Lord, as the southern rivers flow,
Turn thou away our captive woe!
Yes! we have hope! for they who weep
While sowing, shall in gladness reap!
4. Undoubtingly thine hope set fast
In *this*, that they shall find, who cast
In tears the seed beneath the soil,
Full joyful sheaves return their toil!

CXXVII.

A SONG OF DEGREES FOR SOLOMON.

1. UNLESS the Lord himself preside,
Unless the pious work he guide,
The labour is but ill bestow'd,
Of those who build the Lord's abode !
Unless the city God maintain,
The sentinel holds watch in vain !

2. 'Tis labour lost ye early rise,
Ye late repose your weary eyes,
The daily bread of care ye eat,
And nought from God to cheer ye meet !—
Their lids his *own beloved*, close
In airy, sacred, sweet repose !

3. An heritage from heav'n above
Is ev'ry child—a gift in love :
Like arrows in the giant's hand,
The children are that round us stand :
Whose quiver thus is fill'd, may wait
The foes that durst approach his gate !

CXXVIII.

(MARRIAGE CEREMONY.)

1. THE best, the loveliest cherub-grace,
Is theirs, who on their Maker place
A heart in every thought his own !
O thou of such bless'd kindly spirit—
Though labour be thy wealth alone,
Pure happiness thou shalt inherit !
When heaven itself conceals its smile,
Affection's charm shall grief beguile !
2. Thy wife shall round thy bosom twine,
As o'er thine house the fruitful vine
Shoots forth its shading green ;
Thy children round thy table glowing,

Like olive branches shall be seen :

Yes, o'er thee, God, such love bestowing,
Shall prove, though small thine earthly store,
He grants thee what enriches more !

3. And they whose taintless private worth
Obtains from heaven its smiles, on earth,
From Sion shall behold the Lord
Through all the years they here are living,
As further patriot dear reward, }
Prosperity to Salem giving ;
Around them too, in Israel's peace,
Their children's children shall increase

CXXIX.

1. ISRAEL—victor Israel, may
Now in pride, pride unoffending,
Heavenward all its prospects, say—
Often have our foes assail'd,
Vex'd us, but ne'er yet prevail'd ;
Though our furrow'd backs were bending,
Whilst they goading plough'd us o'er,
God to us assistance bore !

2. God, the righteous God, hath hewn
All the sinners' snares in pieces !
Oh Eternal Father ! soon
May they who thy Sion hate,
Meet the doom they meditate :
Like that corn which ne'er increases,
O'er the house-top thinly laid,
Wither'd be they, useless made !

3. Like such feeble dying ears,
Not a handful for the sickle ;
Mocking famine's fruitless years ;
Heaping not the sheafman's breast :
No sweet salutation bless'd,
(Whilst they feel each wind-breath fickle)
Crying, " God your cares reward,
Blessed be ye of the Lord !"

CXXX.

(PENITENTIAL.)

1. FROM the deeps, the deeps of woe,
From my trembling drowning heart,
Prayers that fast as sorrows flow,
Seek the mansions where thou art !
Hear me, Father ! fondly think
How I sorrow's fountain drink !
2. Wert thou, Lord, to be severe,
Ev'ry human fault recording,
Who would not thy judgment fear,
While the deeds of man rewarding ?
Oh but mercy will accept
Faults for virtue, deeply wept !

3. Stedfastly for God I look ;

All my soul has one desire ;

Ne'er my trust his word forsook !—

Ere the beamy day-spring's fire

Lights the eastern clouds, each thought

To the Lord *my soul* hath brought !

4. Israel, in the Lord be firm !

Israel, trust the source of hope !

Pass'd this transitory term,

Other fairer scenes shall ope :

Comes redemption then, to dry

Tears from ev'ry mortal eye !

CXXXI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. O LORD, thou well knowest how lowly I am ;
Thou knowest my looks are not bolden'd by pride ;
I am not too careful in seeking the depth
Of that which thy wisdom has chosen to hide !
2. Thou knowest the flights of my soul I restrain,
When nature offending, would scrutinize ill ;
That like a young child from its mother just wean'd,
Dependent in all, I confide in thy will !
3. So often the favours of heaven possessing,
O Israel, cease never to trust the Supreme :
Should pain or should happiness tempt thy reliance,
Return to the Lord—he alone can redeem !

CXXXII.

(CHRISTMAS-DAY.)

1. DAVID and his troubles, bear
Ever O my God in mind!
How to thee in truth he sware
Vows that heart and spirit bind:
2. " Never I my house will gain,
Never press my downy bed,
Never taste sleep's blissful reign,
Never rest my weary head,
3. " Till some holy spot I meet,
Worthy of the Lord's abode;
Till I find some holy seat,
Fit to bear the temple's load!"

4. From prophetic voice we heard,
Ephrata the spot contain'd :
True we found prophetic word,
There in woods it lay infan'd !
5. We to praise the Lord will go !
To his tabernacle haste !
There before his footstool low,
Shall our bended knees be placed !
6. With thine ark, Lord, enter there,
With thine ark of might divine ;
Clothe thy priests in virtue fair !
Shout with joy each saint of thine !
7. For thy servant David's sake,
Leave not thine anointed grieved !
Thou thine oath canst never break,
David hath this pledge received :
3. " Never shall thine issue fail,
While respecting holy will ;
They, unless vice should prevail
O'er them, David's throne shall fill !"

9. Sion for his loved retreat
God hath chosen—saying,
“ Here I lasting rest would meet,
Never more thence straying !
10. “ Plenty I will here bestow,
Wealth and increase freely shed ;
I the famish’d child of woe,
Will sustain with sacred bread !
11. “ I my priests with health will nourish ;
Joyfully her saints shall sing ;
Budding, David’s horn shall flourish ;
Light divine shall guide my king !”
12. Whilst his foes, with robes of shame
Blushingly enwrap, shall flee,
Still shall blossom David’s name,
Filling deep posterity !

CXXXIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

WHAT joy the kindred heart o'erflows,
What beauty in that love which glows
Where brotherhood affection feels !
'Tis like the balm on Aaron shed,
The dew-drop that on Hermon's head
The morn's young beam reveals !
Yes, all whom that celestial flame
Inspires, shall life immortal claim !

CXXXIV.

ONE sacred hymn, one hymn of praise,
Ye servants of Jehovah raise !
Ye who within his courts at midnight stand,
Towards his sanctuary stretch the hand
Of supplication, Praise the Lord !
And he, that God who form'd the sky and land,
With Sion's bliss such piety reward !

CXXXV.

1. In praise sublime, exalt the name,
The name of the Most High :
Ye servants of the Lord adore,
And join the minstrelsy !
2. And ye that in his temple stand,
The vocal rapture aid :
By you his *mansion-court's* bless'd band,
The call too be obey'd !
3. 'Tis lovely, with poetic glow,
To pour the soul above,
For all the benefits we owe,
The benefits of love !
4. For God hath Jacob set apart,
To be his bosom friend ;
And chosen Israel to himself,
Possession without end !

5. For know ye! that the Lord is great,
 Supreme o'er gods profane;
 His will is paramount in heaven,
 Through earth and billowy main!

6. The storm-cloud at the world's extent,
 His stern command obeys;
 The rain descends, with awful gleam
 The frequent lightnings blaze!

7. He smote the first-born, Egypt's pride—
 And man and beast as well,
 For sign to thee, O Egypt, died:
 The prince, the peasant fell!

8. He nations smote, he monarchs slew:
 Sehon the Amorite,
 Og king of Basan, overthrew
 Opposing holy fight!

9. All Canaan's sov'reignties o'ercome,
 And made the victor's spoil—
 On Israel, God for heritage
 Bestow'd their fruitful soil!

10. Thy name, O Lord, to endless date
 Shall unimpair'd extend ;
 Though generations death await,
 Thy record ne'er shall end !
11. Though judgment may awhile hang o'er,
 The Lord his chosen race
 Will from the threaten'd evil save,
 Will shew his servants grace !
12. But as for idols—blind and dumb—
 Of gold and silver wrought—
 The senseless work of mortal hands,
 All vainly are they sought !
13. The ears that sculpture gave them, deaf
 To ev'ry prayer remain ;
 Nor can their mouths, with vital breath
 The dying man sustain !
14. As senseless as their work, are they
 Who make such lifeless forms ;
 As senseless too the pagan world,
 Whom such religion warms !

15. But ye, O house of Israel,
The only God adore!
To him, the song of melody,
Ye house of Aaron pour!
16. Ye Levites' race the lyrics join!
All who Jehovah fear!
Let him who dwells at Salem's court,
Our lays at Sion hear!

CXXXVI.

1. Pour the Eternal the thanks of the heart,
 For mercy, such mercy as never grows cold!
 Praise to the God of all gods, oh impart!
 The kindness he shews us, he ne'er will withhold!

2. Thanks to the Lord of all lords, freely yield!
 His bounty unmeasured eternally flows!
 Wonders alone by the Lord are reveal'd,
 By love, that pure love, which unchangeably glows!

3. He by his wisdom the firmament made;
 His mercy spread heavens of *promise* above;
 He o'er the waters the earth's fabric laid;
 For *man* then, as now, exercising his love!

4. Beaming in heaven he placed the sun's light,
 A mark of how constant his benefits are;
 Stars and the moon to preside o'er the night,
 To shew he is near, while they shine from afar!

5. Once—though remote now the time, Egypt felt,
 Whilst Israel in mercy was freed from each bond,
 Over her first-born the mortal stroke dealt,
 To shew the Lord's chosen should never despond!

6. Mighty Omnipotence stretch'd out its hand,
 The hand of Salvation, which always is nigh;
 Israel escaped on a pathway of land,
 God's love in the Red Sea's deep bosom laid dry!

7. But the proud Pharaoh, and all his array,
 Were drown'd when the billows return'd to their
 bed ;
 God in his love, bore his people away,
 In mercy their feet through the wilderness led!

8. Kings—mighty kings, in their aid the Lord slew,
 For *there* his beneficence still they enjoy'd ;
 Sehon the Amorite prince overthrew,
 And Og king of Basan in power destroy'd !

9. Pledge of his kindness he Palestine gave,
 Possession eternal, for Israel's abode :
 Oft he befriended us, closing the grave ;
 When foes were at hand, he assistance bestow'd !

10. Sustenance God for creation prepares ;
All nature on him as its Maker relies ;
While 'tis his pleasure that man this state bears,
His bounty ne'er ceases to pour down supplies !
11. Therefore the God of high heaven exalt ;
Praise *worthy* eternal beneficence yield ;
He in the lofty Cerulean vault,
Though Lord of all lords, is by *mercy* reveal'd !

CXXXVII.

1. BY the waters of Babylon sat we to weep,
 Each thought upon Sion with anguish profound ;
 As our *once* joyful harps, then in silence asleep,
 Neglected we hung on the willows around!

2. For a *song* they who captive had led us away,
 A melody sweet in our heaviness ask'd :
 " O sing us a song of thy Sion, and play
 Those notes which in Judah the harp often cast ! "

3. Alas !—strangers, bondsmen, a foreign abode
 The only drear home we as aliens possess—
 Can we *here* the sweet notes which to heaven have
 flow'd,
 Whilst mocking they hark, on the wires impress?

4. O Jerusalem ! if I forget thee, no more
 This right-hand possess'd of its cunning remain !
 May this voice, dead—no longer its minstrel-notes
 pour,
 Away from thee, if I can taste joy profane !

5. O remember the children of Edom, bless'd Lord!
How *they* ere the hour of Salem's disgrace,
Cried out "*down* with their city, and scatter abroad
"The proud that inhabit the sanctified place!"
6. Yet O daughter of Babylon—wasted with grief,
The day of reward shall obey thy desire!
For the God of the Hebrews shall give us relief,
Whilst dash'd to the rock thy loved children
expire!

CXXXVIII.

1. **THEE, Great Eternal I will praise !**
In rapture, with my heart entire,
Before the gods shall flow those lays
Which truth and kindness should inspire !
I lingering round God's fane, will raise
Thy strains in worship, O my lyre !
2. **Thou hast ennobled thy high name,**
O'er all things set thy lordly word !—
When I to heaven preferr'd my claim,
Each prayer with love Jehovah heard ;
Beholding too my weaken'd frame,
My soul's supporter he became !
3. **And every high-born earthly prince,**
(For even kings thy truths convince,)
Shall praise, shall of thy glory sing ;
For thou, so lofty, with respect
Canst view the lowliest offering
Of poverty, yet pride reject !

4. Although through troubles be my road,
Thy fresh'ning aid shall be bestow'd ;
Thine hand of holy power shall calm,
And of all power my foes disarm ;
Thy mightier right-hand, Lord, can save—
Whatever durst thy servant brave !

5. The Lord his flow of grace divine,
Shall in its promised fulness give !—
Eternal is thy love benign !
God, we who by thy mercy live,
Creation, workmanship of thine,
Thy mercy never can resign !

CXXXIX.

1. THOU Deity, where'er I stray,
My secret pathways canst survey;
Thy glance divine o'er all is thrown,
My actions all to thee are known !
2. The God who sees me, when I rise
Or sit me down,—as fancy flies
Unfolds the depths of ev'ry thought,
Ere by imagination caught !
3. By day-light thou art always near ;
Thy presence marks each secret tear ;
And during slumber's thoughtless reign,
Thy rolls my records still contain !
4. My tongue can not unfold a word,
But thou know'st all long ere 'tis heard ;
Thine hand bestow'd the shape I bear,
I owe my fabric to thy care :

5. With conscious knowledge of each gift,
Myself I view, then upward lift
My eyes to thee with diffidence,
Whilst musing on thy providence !

6. Thy wonders are too deep for me ;
I dare not scan thy Deity,
Or should imagination strain
Its utmost bounds, 'twould nothing gain !

7. Lord should I dread thy presence, where
Could I abscond, nor find thee there ?
Or should I climb to heaven, thou
Would'st make me to thy God-head bow :

8. Or should I sink with fear below,
Thy Spirit thither too would go ;
If hurried down to hell with shame,
'Twould there thy rebel subject claim :

9. Or should I on the slanting ray
Of day-break wing my course away,
I durst not to the ocean flee,—
Thine hand would reach the farthest sea :

10. Or more presumptuous, should I say,—
If nothing else, the darkness may
Conceal me from thine awful sight—
Thy presence would dispel the night!

11. Before thee darkness fades away,
The cloudy gloom is changed to day;
Or day or night, 'tis one to thee,
Shades cannot hide impiety!

12. My reins, O God, are work divine;
My frame yet in the womb was thine;
'Twas there thy Spirit life bestow'd,
'Twas there I gratitude first owed!

13. By me that call shall be obey'd—
So fearfully so wisely made;
Thy works are wonderful, my soul
Admires their Author through the whole!

14. My inward structure though conceal'd,
To thee has every bone reveal'd;
Thy searching eye my substance view'd,
Whilst lifeless, yet half-form'd, and crude!

15. Within, eternal holy Lord,
Thy book my members had record,
Long ere they day by day from nought
By thee were to perfection wrought !
16. How precious are thy thoughts to me !
The sands around the boundless sea
Are fewer ! I on thee rely
In sleep, and waking find thee nigh !
17. Shall not my God the wicked slay ?
Hence—ye blood-thirsty, far away !
Oh Father, they with oaths profane
Dare take thy holy name in vain !
18. Does not my hatred ever burn
O'er those, who thee, Jehovah, spurn ?
Does not my spirit deeply grieve
Thy pow'r so many disbelieve ?
19. Yes ! all who sinfully combine,
I hate as enemies of mine !
O try each secret of my heart,
If e'er from thee my thoughts depart !

20. Search deeply Lord, and should'st thou find
 Pollution's stains deform my mind—
 So cleanse it, that the mortal clay
 May change to realms of endless day!

CXL.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. O LET me not apply in vain !
From the oppressive, proud, profane,
Whose thoughts are mischief, sin, deep strife,
Eternal God ! defend my life !
Their tongues are as the serpent's keen,
Their lips the adder's poison screen !
2. Withhold me, Father, from the hands
Of their ungodly wicked bands ;
Do thou thy worshipper protect,
For they his ruin would effect ;
To take him wheresoe'er he tread,
The proud a hidden snare have spread !
3. This was the prayer I *still* repeat ;
(Respect from thee O let it meet !)

"Thou art my God, O hear my voice ;
 "Power of my Health, when battle rose,
 "And o'er me warriors durst rejoice,
 "'Twas thou conceal'dst my head from foes!"

4. Eternal! be sin's wish denied,
 Lest sinners triumph in their pride ;
 I know each bitter word, each curse
 Of theirs, from me thou wilt reverse,—
 Wilt on themselves their weapons turn,
 Their heads with coals of fire burn,

5. And that they evermore shall weep,
 Cast in a pit of horrors deep ;
 For earth can not for ever be
 Retreat for insincerity ;
 His self-wrought evils, from this life,
 Shall chase the sinful man of strife !

6. I rest in this persuasion sure :
 "Thou, Lord, wilt yet avenge the poor ;
 "Wilt helpless innocence protect,
 "Though earthly pride its suit reject ;
 "Before thee man shall praise thy name,
 "And justified, thy promise claim !"

CXLI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. GOD of my hope, thee I seek in despair !
Hasten, before the complainant I stand !
Reach thy Empyrean, as incense, my prayer ;
Behold as the off'rings of eve my stretch'd hand !
2. Set thee a watch o'er my mouth ; and defend,
Eternal ! the door of my lips, lest they stray ;
Let not my heart to iniquity bend,
Lest, *tasting* sin's viands, I thee disobey !
3. Rather permit that the righteous reprove,
Or smite me in friendship, and that as a balm
Precious and grateful, my sins shall remove—
Not bruising my head, though my sins it disarm !

4. So for *their* failings myself will appeal ;
 And when their harsh judges at length over-
 thrown,
 Cast on the rock, their own sentence shall feel,
 Such prayers shall in sweetness arrive at God's
 throne !
5. *Though* like cleft wood our bones lie around,
 All scatter'd before the abyss of the dead—
Still, Lord, mine eyes from this sinful profound,
 To thee are by hope in firm confidence led !
6. Cast not my soul to destruction, then Lord !
 Preserve me from snares by the wicked conceal'd ;
 Rather *themselves* with their ambush reward,
 But let me escape them all heaven-reveal'd !

CXLII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. To thee by saints adored,
My ardent voice I pour'd ;—
Complaints from trouble flowing,
Eternal, thou hast heard :—
Upon thy mercy throwing
Myself, I prayers preferr'd !
2. When grief my reason shook,
Thou mark'dst the way I took ;
But foes my death concerted,
And laid the secret snare :
I turn'd me, but perverted
Found friendship ev'ry where !

3. To none then could I flee,
 Almighty God, but thee ;
 For none else had affection
 For my desponding soul !
 Then thus amid dejection,
 To thee my spirit stole :
4. " Lord God ! my hope thou art ;
 My portion in the land
 Jehovah ! of the living :
 Consider how I smart,—
 And thine assistance giving,
 Withdraw their heavy hand !
5. " A prison my abode—
 Borne down—my soul they goad ;
 But free me, thou kind Being !
 That I may praise thy name ;
 And saints thy friendship seeing,
 A fellow-saint may claim !"

CXLIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

(PENITENTIAL.)

1. ATTEND in need ! my spirit flows
To thee from whom it being owes ;
O hearken, Lord, to my request,
But do as to thy love seems best !
2. O enter not in judgment strict ;
For should'st thou justice, Lord, inflict—
None mortal, durst before thy sight,
Expect the meed obtain'd by right !
3. But, O Eternal Father ! think
How I in woe soul-stricken sink :
In darkness, by the foe subdued,
I lie in grave-like solitude !

4. My soul within me vex'd, my heart
More keenly feels—each friend apart :
Then, Lord, on thee my thoughts I cast,
I think upon thy kindness past !
5. I muse upon thy works sublime ;
My thoughts in imitation climb ;
To thee I stretch for skill my hand,
With soul athirst like arid land !
6. Delay thee not, Lord hear me soon !
Before my sinking spirits swoon :
Hide not thy face, thy face of light,
Lest o'er me come death's frowning night !
7. But ere the rays of morn appear,
Thy loving-kindness let me hear :
In thee my trust I place, then shew
The road in which my feet should go !
8. My soul, I Father, lift to thee ;
To heaven I for concealment flee ;
From adversaries, O defend
Him who in thee desires a friend !

9. Lord, teach me so to act that thou
May'st cheer with smiles my sorrow'd brow
Thy loving Spirit gently bear
Me whither none but saints repair !
10. And quicken me for thy name's sake ;
By truth the mind's sin-bondage break
In goodness slay the spirit's foe,
The fiend that steeps the soul in woe !

CXLIV.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. BLESSED be the Lord, my might ;
God, who taught my hands to fight—
God, who can assistance lend—
God, my Fort, my Conqueror, Friend !
2. What is man, that he should share,
God, so largely of thy care ?
What! the son of man, to be
Favour'd by Divinity ?
3. Man is vain, all emptiness !
Mortals nought of real possess !
Life is like a shadow pass'd,
Fading ere 'tis scarcely cast !

4. Bow thy heavens! Lord descend!
 O'er the mounts thy hand extend!
 Lighten o'er them; while they smoke
 Tear them with thine arrow's stroke!

5. Reach from heaven to be my guide!
 Save me from the boundless tide!
 Thou alone hast power to save
 Mortals from affliction's grave!

6. *Keep me, lest strange children gain
 O'er me by discourses vain:
 Ever by thy servant stand;
 Keep me from their evil hand!*

7. And my fingers raptured throwing
 O'er the ten-string'd lute, my song,
 With soul-gratitude o'erflowing,
 Shall the dulcet notes prolong!

8. Thou hast given thy monarch aid,
 Victor thine anointed made;
 David from the threat'ning sword,
 To security restored!

9. *Save then, lest strange children gain
 O'er me by discourses vain :
 Ever by thy servant stand,
 Keep me from their evil hand !*

10. That as vernal plants may grow
 Israel's sons ; our daughters glow
 Like each polish'd corner-stone,
 Of the palace of thy throne !

11. That our garners may contain
 Ev'ry store of autumn's reign !
 That in thousands through each street,
 The fresh-fallen lambs may bleat !

12. That our herds be strong for toil,
 That we know not want's restraint,
 Nor be made the conqueror's spoil,
 Dwelling far from all complaint !

13. Happy thus the nation bless'd !
 Happy land of *God* possess'd !
 God himself is ev'ry store !
 God *our own*, we need no more !

CXLV.

1. ETERNAL, holy Prince Divine,
To thee my anthem shall aspire ;
Though dread the subject, ever thine
Shall be the song that wakes my lyre !
2. Nor shall it be a fitting strain,
Heard, then in silence dying ;
From hour to hour it still shall reign,
Coolness and death defying !
3. For oh, it is the Lord, the Great,
The worthy of unbounded praise,
Bids it sublimely verberate ,
Though searchless he, beyond its lays !
4. The ages, as they wave-like roll,
By coming years succeeded,
Shew wonders to the ravish'd soul,
By wonders still succeeded !

5. That men, though infidel their bent,
 As they behold, are wondering taught,
 All proveth thee Omnipotent,
 Thy hand of power-creative, wrought!

6. Then I, while heathens with delight
 Are into faith astonish'd,
 By revelation's purer light
 Will be to praise admonish'd!

7. Thy greatness shall inflame the song,
 The song that they and I awake,
 And as it sweetly glides along,
 Thy mercy shall the chorus make!

8. For thou, pure source of justice, shew'st
 Thy grace, thy patience, and thy pity,
 To man, deserving judgment most!—
 Thus will I praise, though sin unfit me.

9. Oh, all thy works partake thy love;
 All, all, in one united flow,
 Pour in sweet jubilee above,
 Thanks such as holy saints bestow!

10. Ascend the song in mightier pride,
With more of inspiration glowing ;
The glory of thy kingdom wide,
Thy power, deep ardour o'er it throwing !
11. For ever, and for ever still,
The theme in beauty shall be heard ;
For thou, thy power and kingdom, will
Prove changeless as thy sacred word !
12. Lord, when the world and friends look cold,
And poverty too near approaches,
Thou dost not then thine hand withhold,
Thou smil'st amid the world's reproaches !
13. With hope, each eye to thee is turn'd ;
A purer food is thy sweet grant ;
Faith's firm reliance is return'd
In blessings nothing can supplant !
14. And though all breathing share such grace,
Though mercy flows to all creation,
With thee, no sin can e'er have place,
Or stain the beauty of thy station !

15. Thy dwelling though it distant seem,
Is nigh ; for all who bend in prayer,
Find round their hearts thy radiance beam,
In all their journeyings feel thee there !
16. And they who fear thee (every thought
Thence perfected) have each desire
Granted them freely ; Lord, for nought
Canst thou deny the meek require !
17. And there is for the justified,
A Guardianship of Love at hand ;
While for the lost in wicked pride,
Judgments unutter'd ready stand !
18. Oh ever, ever shall thy praise
Flow from this heart, Lord God Jehovah !
While all things, to thy name shall raise
Song whose high warmth shall ne'er be over !

CXLVI.

1. O PRAISE the eternal God, my soul !
Here on earth whilst I have being,
In one pure grateful stream shall roll
My thoughts to the All-seeing !
Vainly our trust is on princes laid,
On mortality's child in vain ;
For the call of death by all obey'd,
In the grave they mould'ring remain :
Whilst there man lies,
Remembrance dies
Of each promise, or all his proud thoughts dev.
2. But blessed the man, whose help, whose trust,
Still on Jacob's God is resting,
Who earth created, who from the first
His mighty power attesting,

The star-gemm'd expanse revolving set,
 Like his promise unchanged by years !
 The Almighty who cannot man forget,—
 Who the feeble sustains and cheers,
 The hunger'd feeds,
 The prisoner leads
 From the bonds where his heart in confinement bleeds!

3. The Lord restores to the blind their sight,
 The sinking preserves in danger,
 His cares the virtuous spirit requite,
 And guard the hapless stranger :
 The widow, the fatherless, he defends,
 But the wicked one overthrows,
 Among the pride of his riches rends,
 And exchanges his bliss for woes :
 That God shall reign,
 Bless'd Sion his fane,
 Whilst eternity shall itself remain !

CXLVII.

1. O PRAISE the Lord ! for praise bestows
Such feeling as from nought else flows ;
'Tis joy more heaven-born, more refined,
To swell with gratitude the mind !
2. The fall'n Jerusalem, the Lord
Rebuilds, and gathers from abroad
The outcasts of his chosen race,
To people still his holy place !
3. The broken-hearted he makes whole,
Heals ev'ry anguish of the soul,—
And when the body pain'd decays,
His medicines from death can raise !
4. Exalted Lord Omnipotent,
The stars spread o'er the firmament
By him are summ'd, from him obtain
Their names amid the nightly reign !

5. As wise as powerful, kind as just,
He raiseth those who self distrust,—
But proud ungodliness, o'erthrown,
Makes all its boasted power disown !

6. Then let thanksgivings silence break !
The slumbering harp its notes awake !
And be that God who clouds the skies,
The subject of its melodies !

7. That God be honour'd in the strain
Who freshens earth with heavenly rain ;
Who o'er the sterile mountain-heads,
The fruitful corn and verdure spreads !

8. That God, who deigns to set before
The cattle, all the year's best store !
That God to whom young ravens cry
For food, and find his bounty nigh !

9. Whose deity, thought-quick, outspeeds
The feet of men or swiftest steeds,—
But comes to find the fearful meek,
Those who his holy mercy seek !

10. Sing therefore, Salem, with delight !
Sion, the lay of praise recite !
For God hath barr'd thy gates, and bless'd
Thy children in thy place of rest !
11. With food contenting, seraph's bread,
By holy bounty thou art fed ;
For he, thy Friend, but speaks, and round
The world spreads fast the mighty sound !
12. More powerful than each element,
By him the snows like wool are sent :
'Tis he in hoar-frost nature veils,
'Tis his own icy hand prevails !
13. His wintry blasts, the faded year
In chilly ashy paleness sear :
Oh who can then his power feel,
And not a shudder o'er him steal ?
14. But at one word, one word divine,
Again the limpid waters shine !
Again the frozen rivers flow,
When heaven-sent tempests o'er them blow !

15. And is it less to save mankind,
Than winter's frozen reign unbind ?
No—Israel thou canst well unfold
This truth, by all thy prophets told !

16. The statutes of thy God, attest
Thee more than other nations bless'd ;
Whilst they are lost in gentile-night,
That thou art ray'd by holy light !

CXLVIII.

1. **EXALTED** work of holy hand,
Awake ! creation be the band ;
And o'er the mingling choir, preside
Sweet gratitude through nature wide !
2. Praise ye the Lord ! a holy strain,
Amid the deepest heavens reign !
Ye angels skill'd in holy verse,
Lead, while the lay bright hosts rehearse !
3. Thou sun, thou moon, ye stars and light,
Break silence, and in praise unite !
Thou vault supern, with every cloud,
Echo with awe the anthem loud !
4. Resound that wonder-working name
At which creation fast became !
Invoke that God whose lordly word
Nature as law-eternal heard !

5. Sing hallelujah, earth and main !
Praise ye dread forms the deeps contain !
Praise fire ! praise hail, vapour, and snow !
Tempest and wind, an anthem blow !
6. Ye mountains spiring to the sky !
Ye hills that at their bases lie !
Ye fruit-trees ! and ye cedars ! pour
Strains as delighted ye adore !
7. Cattle and humbler reptile race,
Exalt *that Power* who gave ye place
In nature's bounteous chain of good !
Praise him wing'd minstrels of the wood !
8. Nor be the debt of song denied,
Monarchs ! by ye amid your pride :
And mighty rulers ! ye who wield
The rod of judgeship ! fealty yield !
9. Amid the whirl of giddy youth,
Ere time hath taught religion's truth,
Ye men, ye virgins, melt in praise !
Worship too, ye mature of days !

10. Yes, sweetly minstrel'd be the theme ;
O'er dulcet notes, that name supreme
Be heard resounding, theme more grand
Than earth or heaven's extent unspann'd !
11. And yet a prouder glory still,
It was divinity's high will
That name celestial should adorn—
Salvation raised lost Israel's horn !
12. Yes ! with a mantling soul-felt love,
A sainted race, here and above,
A people after God's own heart,
The passion'd choir-strains shall impart !

CXLIX.

1. RAISE, by flowing inspiration,
 To the Lord an hymn sublime !
Holy, happy sainted nation,
 In each thought to heaven climb !
2. Joy thou Israel without measure
 While thy Maker warms thy lays !
Sons of Zion, learn the pleasure
 Flowing from his kingly praise !
3. Song and gratitude uniting,
 Dance ! to harp and tabret sing !
To Jehovah is delighting,
 Meekness, chosen offering !
4. Ye for such by God selected,
 Glory in the holy choice ;
Lie not down in death dejected ;
 On the bed of pain rejoice !

5. For the tongue his praises arming,
Ye are girt, as with a sword,
That a world's profane alarming
Conquers by one holy word!
6. Mighty in that faith's protection,
Which can sin and death repel—
Held in iron hard subjection,
Satan and the powers of hell!
7. Ye as saints shall be rewarded,
As within the book divine
This memorial is recorded,
“Honour'd thus my saints shall shine!”

CL.

1. PRAISE ye Jehovah in his holiness !
Adore him in the firmament of might !
His acts divine, mortals with joy confess !
His paramount sublimity the song excite !
2. Sound of the trumpet, wake the holy lay !
And lute, and harp, reverberate around !
Cymbal, and dance, the sacred call obey !
Ye wires inspired, thou flute, yield music's
loveliest sound !
3. Heighten ye cymbals loud, with harmony
Just and ascending, the more soften'd strain !
And earth and all her creatures raise on high
An anthem mercy's dome shall verberate again !

THE END.

LONDON:
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

